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THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(*Continued.*)

A DEVONSHIRE IDYL.

MATTHEW saw with joy that Herbert had let the glorious face and figure be as he himself had painted them in that spirit of inspiration, and had confined his own attention to the minutiæ of the dress, which was nearly finished. Olive held a lamp to it, awaiting his praises. He had a moment of embarrassment.

"It is very beautiful," he said, ambiguously but rapturously. Then turning to Herbert, he added, heartily, "If your comedy is only as good, old fellow—"

"It will be," said Mrs. Wyndwood, enthusiastically. "Who should write comedy if not a man like Mr. Strang, I mean Mr. Herbert—a man who has seen the manners of men and cities. I should think he could do it even better than he can paint."

"But he has one disadvantage," said Olive, gloomily. "He is witty."

Herbert stood bowing with his hand on his breast in mock acknowledgment. His boyish face looked flushed and handsome in the lamp-light. Matthew had a spasm of despair—a momentary sense of being an outsider.

"Don't practise your footlights bow here," said Olive. "No one has called 'Author!'"

"Many are called, but few chosen," quoted Herbert.

"I wonder how I should come out under your brush?" said Eleanor, turning to Matthew. His black fit vanished; he was taken back again into the charmed circle. But the question remained awkward.

"Not more beautiful than this," he murmured. "Perhaps you will give me the pleasure. I am here to paint—partly, that is."

"Perhaps in town—not here. I want to be out and about. Olive, we must give them something before they go back through the cold night."

Olive rang the bell and ordered refreshments. They adjourned to the drawing-room, a spacious apartment with strange heavy antique furniture and curious bronzes and vases, the *ensemble* made more quaint by the irrelevant presence of a grandfather's chair with its high stiff canvas back.

"I fished that up from the kitchen," said Olive. "It's jolly to sit there and imagine one's self an old crone nodding to one's last sleep."

She seated herself upon it forthwith, nid-nodding, and against the white canvas her dark face shone, lovely and young, and more provoking by the suggestive contrast.

Herbert stood over her, fidgeting, his fingers drumming nervously on the canvas awning.

She sprang up and threw back the lid of a mahogany instrument, and began to play a joyous melody.

Matthew had seated himself in an arm-chair near the window. Eleanor, her superb arms and neck bare, was opposite him, a wonderful white vision in the softened light. He caught her eyes, and they smiled at him, the friendly smile that means nothing and everything.

As Olive touched the keys, his breast grew tenderer. Where had he heard those tinkling harmonies before? His dead childhood came back to him for a moment—it was a harpsichord, and the last person he had heard playing it was Ruth Hailey. A vision of her girlish figure flitted before him, then passed into the picture of the young woman with the sweet earnest eyes that Billy had conjured up, then faded into the sweeter vision of the reality, as through eyes still misty he saw Eleanor's bosom softly rising and falling with the melody, whose joyous soul sparkled in her eager eyes. The tune grew merrier, madder. Herbert was at her side now; he was talking to her as her long white fingers darted among the keys. Suddenly the music jarred and stopped, Olive leaped up and ran to the window and threw it open, and a cold wind swept in, and the solemn sobbing of the waves.

"There it is," she cried, "the great lonely blackness—roaring outside like a wild beast in its lonely agony. We shut it out with our walls, and hang them with pictures and plaques, but there it is all the same, and all our tapestries cannot quite deaden its wail. Don't you hear it in the darkness, don't you hear it crying out there—the pain of the world?"

Mrs. Wyndwood sprang up in alarm and closed the window. "Olive, Olive, calm yourself," she said, tenderly, pressing the girl's face to her bosom.

Olive broke from her with a peal of laughter. "You look as if you had seen a ghost, Nor. Are you afraid of the black night that you shut it out? Are you out of tune with it already?"

"You exaggerate the pain of the world, dearest," said Eleanor, soothingly.

Herbert looked startled. "The pain of the world?" he said. "The futility of the world, you mean. People eat and drink and go to theatres, and over their graves the parson prates of infinities and immortalities. Religion is too big for us. We're like mice in a cathedral."

"You are right." Olive dropped wearily into the grandfather's chair. "God said, 'Let man be,' and *nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

Eleanor's eyes kindled. "We are small most of the day," she said. "But there are moments when, as Wordsworth says,

'By Faith and Hope and Love's transcendent dower
We feel that we are greater than we know.'

I'm not afraid, Olive. There! I open the window again. Come and look—not at the black night, but up at the stars."

Matthew's soul melted in worship. He moved to her side and lifted his eyes to the far sprinkled vault where the moon had now suffused the dark clouds that seemed to have grown light and porous. The two infinities of sky and sea brooded together in the night, ineffably solemn.

Olive would not budge. "The stars!" she shuddered. "Big black worlds!"

Mrs. Wyndwood did not hear her. "Ah, there's the Plough!" she said. "And there's the Pole-Star, in a straight line, and there's Cassiopeia. And that's all I know. But, oh! surely they are havens of rest, where the tears are wiped from all faces." Her voice faltered, her face was rapt as in prayer.

"Won't you put something over your shoulders?" Matthew said, anxiously.

"No; it's quite warm. Unless perhaps we take a turn

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THE TRIUMPH OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE union in the city of New York of all the anti-Tammany elements without distinction of party upon a common candidate for the Mayoralty, and upon a substantially common platform as to municipal affairs, is a great event. It appears especially significant and in the highest degree encouraging to the friends of good government when we consider the difficulties that had to be overcome. The greatest of these difficulties was party spirit, that singular passion which so frequently benumbs the finest impulses and warps the judgment of otherwise clear-headed, pure, and high-minded men. It is perhaps well that while the preparations for the decisive fight against Tammany Hall were in progress this party spirit should have had its play; that many anti-Tammany Republicans and many anti-Tammany Democrats should have shouted themselves hoarse in demanding that the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor must be a Republican, or that he must be a Democrat; that these dissonant clamors should have brought the efforts of the Committee of Seventy to effect a union of all having the same object in view to the very verge of final failure; that thus party spirit in the anti-Tammany ranks should have been directly confronted with the alternative either to submit again for an indefinite period to the rule of that embodiment of the most abominable corruption and despotism, Tammany Hall, or to make a sacrifice of partisan feeling; that in the face of this alternative the sacrifice was finally made; and that then the zealous party men on both sides woke up to the fact that the man upon whose candidacy they had united was, although a partisan as to national questions, no partisan at all as to municipal affairs, and that, as he with praiseworthy frankness declared, the one party would have nothing to hope and the other nothing to fear from him. Thus the whole partisan excitement, threatening disaster to the last moment, turned out to have been really causeless.

We repeat, this is in itself a great event. It proves that even in a city in which party spirit has been cultivated with extraordinary assiduity for all sorts of purposes, where machine politics, with all their unscrupulous methods, have found their most artistic perfection, and where all kinds of evil influence are more than ordinarily active and potent, a combination of all the better elements at the sacrifice of party feeling *can* be effected in spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. It teaches the lesson that when public-spirited men like the members of the Committee of Seventy undertake such a task they should never, no matter how gloomy the outlook may appear, give up the hope of accomplishing it, but persevere to the last extremity. It encourages the leaders of partisan organizations who put the public welfare above mere party interest, never to be disconcerted by partisan clamor among their followers, and never to despair of the possibility of bringing them to reason by proper appeals to their higher impulses. If these lessons, which by the remarkable and well-deserved success of the Committee of Seventy have been so strikingly and impressively taught, are well understood and remembered, they will constitute in themselves a distinct gain to the cause of good government, for its friends will remember that they always can make their power felt by earnestly trying, and the evil-doers will stand in greater fear than before of a judgment that may swiftly overtake them.

We reason thus upon the assumption that the united anti-Tammany forces will be victorious in the election. We take it for granted that it will be so. Never has the whole hideousness of Tammany rule stood so naked before the eyes of the people. When the police investigation had been going on only a few weeks, it was said that, however atrocious the criminal practices exposed might be, the public had substantially known all this before, and the revelations served only to confirm the popular knowledge. But, it must be confessed, the acts of extortion, oppression, and tyranny practised by the police upon poor and helpless people, upon women and children, that have recently been brought to light, go, in point of systematic villany, far beyond anything formerly deemed possible in this civilized community. When we liken this to things done in Tangier, Fez, or Morocco, the comparison ceases to be only a figure of speech. Indeed, we may well doubt whether such enormities are equalled even in the darkest of the Barbary States. And this is the Tammany police. It is useless to say that such infamous things have grown up under a bipartisan *régime*. That a Republican may sometimes have shared the pelf is true. But he was a Tammany Republican, and the true Tammany spirit pervaded the whole police force. Have we forgotten the first revelations made before the investigating committee? Whose interest was it that the police was shown to have served at the polls? None but the Tammany interest. Whose heelers and ruffians and ballot-box-stuffers was the police shown to have protected and aided at the voting-places? The heelers and ruffians and ballot-box-stuffers of Tammany. What watchers and challengers and voters was the police shown to have insulted and terrorized? The watchers and challengers and voters opposed to Tammany. And what "pull" was it that shielded the evil-doers from harm and rewarded with promotion some of the worst of them? The Tammany pull. It is therefore in the truest sense a Tammany police—in fact, the most characteristic flower of the whole Tammany system of government.

All these revolting things are now laid bare in the open light of day. The fetid fumes of Tammany rottenness torture the very nostrils of the nation. The honor of the American people imperiously demands the extermination of this nest of villany. Now, at last, the good citizens of New York have united against it. At their head, as candidate for the Mayoralty, stands, in Mr. WILLIAM L. STRONG, a man of the highest character as a business man and as a citizen. He solemnly pledges himself to conduct the city government without partisan bias, solely for the public good, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that this pledge will be conscientiously kept. Against him Tammany has shrewdly nominated as its candidate a man who has deservedly won much repute for philanthropic work. It attempts to cover its evil designs with the prestige of benevolence. We are grieved to see a man who has done so much good in the company and under the control of thieves. What is ever so good a man with a band of robbers behind him? He will only serve to make Tammany all the more dangerous. The decisive struggle has come. If now the good citizens of New York fail to strain every nerve in doing their duty to themselves and to their posterity, if now, when victory is within their grasp, they let it slip, they will have, and they will deserve, the contempt of the whole country. But we trust they will be up to the task of the day.

We cannot omit to mention another triumph of public spirit over party servitude well apt to raise the hopes of the friends of good government. It is the open revolt of patriotic and self-respecting Democrats against the candidacy of DAVID B. HILL for the Governorship. Led by Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD, of Brooklyn, whose patriotic spirit and intrepidity cannot be too highly commended, they have put forth a declaration of principles which may well be called the ideal Democratic platform, and nominated in Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER a standard-bearer whose public and private virtues and whose readiness to serve the public weal at any self-sacrifice are recognized by all. The Democrats who have taken this step are hardly sanguine enough to expect the election of their candidate. Neither do they expect to obtain the votes of dissatisfied Republicans, who under different circumstances would flock to them in great numbers. Their object can only be to enlist in the struggle against HILL, and to make tell the votes of Democrats who would hesitate to vote for a Republican ticket; to show the country, through their platform as well as their candidate, what *true* Democracy is; and to form a nucleus for the subsequent organization of a Democratic party such as the Democratic party ought to be, for future action on a larger scale. It is a movement worthy of its originators, and of the sympathy of all Democrats whose object it is to make their party a true instrument for the furtherance of good government. It may well be hailed as one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

POPULISM AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE astonishingly large vote cast by the Populists in Georgia has alarmed a good many people who forget the history of the rise and fall of political and economic heresies in this country. In every period which suggests a fatal crisis to the naturally lively American imagination the best preventive of panic is a little serious reflection on our political history. There have been few Presidential terms in which the alarmists of one party or the other have not predicted the annihilation of democratic institutions. The government has been on the verge of destruction from monarchists, from Jacobins, from Irish immigration, from greenbackers, and now from Populists. And yet there has never a heresy arisen whose advocates have not been scattered like chaff before the wind whenever a serious and earnest crusade was entered upon by the advocates of reason and common-sense.

It is as true to-day as it was at the time when the Jeffersonian Republican was patronizing a French tailor, and the Hamiltonian Federalist was wearing English clothes, that honest common-sense is the best "vote-catcher" in this country. In our own day we have seen the republic preserve its life against the slave power in arms, and many of us have helped to give the quietus to sectionalism, to grangerism, and to greenbackism. It is probable that the struggle of the silver-miners for a forced public market is about over. Some other phase of the money question will take its place, but the heresy that a statute can make sixteen equal to thirty-two is nearly dead. The best sign of this is the fact that minority parties in the silver States are beginning to show signs of recovery from their mental disorder. All these false doctrines being overcome, there is every reason why men who have had experience in American politics should cease to fly into a panic at the uprising of every movement which inexperience may be justified in mistaking for a fatality.

It is true that the danger of Populism is not to be underrated, and it is, on the whole, better to be too much than too little afraid of it. But Populism is merely a new symptom of an old trouble. Perhaps it is the most serious symptom that has yet appeared. At the same time it does not threaten the country with any such danger as will excuse a panic. A little resolute common-sense will dissipate it; but the sooner it is dissipated the better for the country and for those who have been misled into joining in the movement. In the effort to defeat the Populists it will be found that the restoration of prosperity is a most potent, probably the most potent, ally of reason, for every such agitation as this is intensified by hard times.

Populism is the expression of the discontent of the unthrifty. It does not matter what it demands, whether free coinage, or paper money, or government loans to the farmers on their crops, or government ownership of railroads, the cause of Populism is the feeling of those who have little money that the government ought to help them to more. This feeling has been intensified and embittered by certain acts of the Federal government which have seemed to the discontented to evince an undue care for those already rich. Even when the acts of the government were dictated by wisdom and patriotism, as in the exemption of bonds from taxation, they have nevertheless aroused the anger of those who have been compelled to pay taxes and who have had very little to pay them with. The chief cause of Populism in its present phase has been that fruitful breeder of trusts and monopolies, the protective tariff. More than anything else, it has been an object-lesson of evil import to those who are forced to contend with arduous circumstances for a slender living. It has bred the habit of mind which looks to the government as a distributer of bounties. It has made paternalism popular. It has been the source of much of the socialism of those who do not realize that protection itself is the fruit and flower of socialism. Finally it has culminated in a widespread movement, which is strongest in those parts of the country which, consciously or unconsciously, have suffered most from high tariff taxes. The condition which is illustrated by the recent election in Georgia is essentially a struggle of the communism of poverty against the communism of wealth.

Such a struggle is largely sectional. The opposition to it must be against its latest phase. If it is for free silver, or for fiat money, or for State ownership of railroads, or for legislation which will enable one party to a labor contract to violate it without the consent of the other—whatever is the movement's particular mode of expression—it is of course against that that the war must be waged. At present, as the WEEKLY has already pointed out, the probability is that Populism and its allies will make a strong effort in behalf of fiat money, and fiat money is the direct fruit of paternalism. The political parties, as at present constituted, are not to be depended on in such a contest. The Republican party is a Populist party in Kansas, and the Democratic party is Populist in Georgia. The Republicans help the professed Populists in Alabama, while the Democrats do the same in the Northwest. Some day perhaps the two parties will divide on the currency question, but that day has not yet arrived.

In the mean time it is the duty of all who have the interests of the country at heart in those States where sound views prevail to see that they are represented in Congress by men who not only share those views, but who are also able to advance and defend them. Something more than mere votes is needed. There is no cure for an economic or political heresy like debate. Therefore the more debaters we have in Congress for sound principles, the sooner will the prevailing miasma of Populism be dissipated. Such coquetry with the heresy as that which has been indulged in by ex-Speaker REED, Senator LODGE, and the group of statesmen who pretend to expect a speedy adoption of international bimetallism, is not only insincere, but is unpatriotic. By the very nature of its constitution a republic is prone to deviate from scientific economic methods, and those who, knowing better, do not help to keep the government headed in the right direction are simply subordina-

ting the public welfare to their own greed. It is certain that no Congressman will be sent to Washington from a district governed by Populistic ignorance who is not in sympathy with the prejudices of his constituents. A people who are given over to a heresy are always possessed of a fanatical enthusiasm and intolerance. It behooves those who have saner views to be equally determined. Populism does not endanger the existence of the republic, but in it are the potentialities of obstructed progress, of commercial disaster, of individual distress and ruin. The sooner and more thoroughly it is met and enlightened, in whatever form it appears, the better for every man who lives by his own industry, for the country, and for civilization itself.

THE "AUTOCRAT."

THERE was no shock in the death of Dr. HOLMES. For him it was a discontinuance of earthly life, with scarcely a perceptible jar. For us it is much the same. So little of him seems to have gone compared to what we may still keep with us. For years we have all associated him in our minds with LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, EMERSON, WHITTIER. It is easier and more natural now to think of him with them than it has been to separate him from them. They stand together on our library shelves. We shall have them all as long as we will, and our children after us.

What a long, sane, lively, admirable life the Autocrat lived! How much fun he must have had, and of how excellent a quality! Some people delve and sweat and struggle and win earthly success, and even a degree of immortality, by dint of a superior capacity to endure misery. But it does not seem to have been at all that way with him. When he chose to rub his lamp his genie always responded. "Old Ironsides" made him famous at twenty-one, and ever afterwards before his literary reputation seemed to need refreshing the refresher had been forth-coming, and anticipated the need. He took Sir WALTER'S advice, and made literature his staff but never his crutch; but then the temptations to rely on literature for one's support were not very strong in Boston in 1830, and he is hardly entitled to as much credit for resisting them as for resisting the counter-tendency to let his professional labors monopolize his energies and crowd literature altogether out. It might not have been as well for him even as a man of letters to have been all poet and essayist and no doctor. It certainly would not have been as well either for him or for us if he had been all doctor and not the Autocrat.

MR. ZANGWILL AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.

IT is probable that a very large proportion of persons who have attended the meetings of any philosophical or scientific association have carried away an impression similar to that expressed recently in a published interview by Mr. I. ZANGWILL. This brilliant young writer is reported to have said that in his judgment the barrier between the savants and the people was one built rather of words than of ideas. The philosophers and scientists, he affirms, are for the most part unskilled in the art of concise and lucid expression, hence the slowness with which their ideas permeate the masses.

A capital illustration of the truth of this observation was furnished recently by the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Brooklyn. The main object of this association is to popularize scientific knowledge. Yet a very large percentage of the papers presented—including some of those to which the general public was especially invited—were too technical to be of general interest, and many of them were not only obscure in presentment, but absurdly long. Of course there were many notable exceptions, but as a whole the papers left the impression that the ends of the association would be greatly furthered if its members could supplement their scientific training with a literary apprenticeship.

In justice to the scientists, one should recall TYNDALL'S remark that profound thinking is usually not conducive to fluent speaking. But we need not let this excuse carry too much weight, for TYNDALL himself often enough showed by example that profound thinking and terse, lucid expression may go together. Whatever the topic on which he spoke or wrote, he had no difficulty in making himself understood. That the generality of philosophers are less fortunate in this regard is not because their thoughts are more profound. It is because they think vaguely, or else because they express themselves obscurely. Some of them no doubt have a deficient literary sense, but others professedly scorn literary graces, and make no attempt at a popular style. Indeed they often seem to purposely select a terminology as technical and unintelligible as possible. In so doing, however, they misapprehend the real nature of scientific work, even while devoting their lives to it. They forget that science is only classified knowledge, and that the ultimate object of all scientific investigation is merely the practical betterment of humanity. But no doubt even those who do realize this, and who are truly anxious to have their ideas broadly disseminated, find it difficult to avoid the mental ruts naturally worn by their every-day method of thinking. Living in a world apart from the general, thinking in technical terminologies, they find it hard to divest themselves of this garb when they appear in public. This is even more true of the philosophers, against whom Mr. ZANGWILL'S criticism was specifically directed. The philosopher furthermore, dealing with things immaterial, is tempted when he gives his thoughts expression to weave his sentences into vague and fantastic forms, and to become redundant to the point of almost utter obscurity.

Mr. ZANGWILL, exasperated, as many another student has been by this substitution of words for ideas, makes bold to assert—or so it is reported—that an entire system of philosophy could be written on twenty pages! Moreover, he proposes to undertake the task as soon as he can find time for it. Mr. ZANGWILL has already given us so many proofs of his versatility that we need not be at all surprised if he some time put into execution this very commendable intention. In that event he probably will not wish to be held too literally to the twenty-page limit, inasmuch as Mr. SPENCER, whose style has been said to be "singularly condensed," has filled half as many volumes without completing his system. Nor is it desirable that he should be. Those who feel the charm of his style will be quite content to follow him through several times twenty pages, secure in the conviction that his lucid and vivid touch will render even this abstruse subject entertaining. And no one who has noted the subtlety of the psychological analyses that are woven here and there, always unobtrusively, into Mr. ZANGWILL'S stories can doubt that the book on philosophy will be a work of penetrating insight, calculated to enhance the reputation of the man.

THE THEATRE AND THE PUBLIC.

IN GARRICK'S correspondence is a letter from Madame RICCOBONI, in which, speaking of the character of Ranger in *The Suspicious Husband*, she writes that the Parisians would not tolerate the indecency of Ranger, who, according to Doctor JOHNSON, was a "mere rake." And she adds, "Vulgar people among the French demand delicacy in their theatre."

The relation of a people to their stage is suggested by a play now on the boards at Mr. DALY'S theatre. Mr. DALY, by great industry, by persistent adherence to high ideals, by a stern discipline, which eventually evolved a company of players unique in this country and notable in England, has built up a theatre of which New York was proud, and has founded another which is welcomed by the culture and refinement of London. It seems to the WEEKLY that in permitting on his stage a play like *A Gaiety Girl* he is doing more to destroy the reputation that was attained with so much labor and ability than he can repair in many seasons of worthy effort.

The WEEKLY does not select Mr. DALY as the worst, or even as a frequent, offender. He is, on the contrary, the sincerest and perhaps the most self-sacrificing friend of real dramatic art among American managers. It is for this reason that his descent from the high path on which he has walked furnishes an admirable illustration of an evil tendency. It is because the public that loves the theatre has been taught to expect charming productions of noble plays at Daly's that the appearance on its stage of a play that commends itself only to the vulgar, and that by as much indecency as can be crowded into its commonplace dialogue and manifested by its feminine contortionists, is worthy of special comment. Other managers who have professed a wish to foster all that is excellent and beautiful in dramatic art in this country are prone to be lured away from the path of their professions by the glitter of the gold which feminine beauty attracts to the box-office; but Mr. DALY'S professions have been taken seriously, for they have been followed by performance.

The French of the eighteenth century, said Madame RICCOBONI, would not tolerate indecency in their theatres. Manners have changed in Paris since then, but not so much but that the Parisians, even the coarsest among them, would be shocked by the presentation on their historic stage of a meretricious exhibition for which an inane comedy furnished the poor excuse. There the audience has the right to make demands upon the management. Have we no such right in New York?

We have no endowed theatre here, and a manager has certainly the right to consider his pocket in choosing the character of the plays that he produces. If he determines at the outset in favor of that which will appeal to the loungers of the hotels, of that which will make the thoughtless and witless laugh, well and good. These thoughtless and witless will often find themselves in better company than they deserve, for the wise enjoy a laugh as well as they. But although we have no endowed theatre, and although there may not be so much profit in the production of good plays as in those that are distinctly of evil influence, a manager may give the public certain rights by the professions that he may make. There are theatres in New York which have no right to give their patrons such an exhibition of dancing-girls as one expects to find in the music-halls. To put the reverse of this proposition, there are theatres in New York to which one has the right to take young girls with an assurance that their modesty will not be offended nor their wholesome ignorance enlightened by gleams from depravity. Not to confine our strictures to Mr. DALY and the *Gaiety Girl*, the nightly parade of silken tights last winter at Palmer's Theatre was an insult to the fine traditions of the house and a denial of the protestations of the manager. But of the theatres of which the public has the right to expect what is good and elevating, high-minded and clean, Mr. DALY'S theatre is the chief. New York was proud of it. It was the one theatre to which the people who live here have gone habitually. Hitherto no one has had any question as to the character at least of any play that Mr. DALY might permit upon his boards. His conduct and his professions gave his public rights which he cannot properly disregard. His known ideals deny to him privileges that other managers may exercise. New York is poor in dramatic art. Its people have no right to demand that any manager shall make them richer at his own expense, but the very meanest of mankind have the right to insist that the promises made to them shall be kept so long as they are proffered; and when a manager builds temples to art and appeals for patronage on that ground, those who respond may properly insist that the temples shall not be desecrated.

THE THIRD TICKET PLATFORM.

WHATEVER may be thought of their present wisdom or discretion, Mr. SHEPARD and his associates have at least adopted a platform for Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER'S candidacy that is a model for documents of its kind. In the first place, it is Democratic in the best sense of the word; its principles are stated clearly and explicitly, and its political morality is of the highest order. On reading it one is inclined to reflect that here is an opportunity for the beginning of a new movement which may result in the capture of the Democratic party by the Democratic voters. If men of courage, of self-abnegation, of persistence in well-doing without the hope of personal reward, but capable of obtaining a sufficient satisfaction from serving the country in their day and generation, are enlisted in this enterprise, the days of HILL'S machine are numbered. Without an organized and determined opposition in its own party, the machine may rise from the defeat to which it is doomed next month, as other bad things have risen before from what has seemed for the moment to be annihilation. But if there really is to be a constant and abiding endeavor to give to honest Democrats the opportunity to vote for good candidates on sound platforms, the HILL machine will never again be able to elect one of its rascals to a State office.

After stating the reason of the movement—the machine's tyrannical and dishonest disfranchisement of the SHEPARD delegation to the State Convention—the platform denounces the machine and its "unscrupulous leadership" as both "un-Democratic and immoral." It declares for real tariff reform; condemns the "traitors to Democracy, agents of the trusts, in the Senate"; insists on the repeal at the next session of Congress of the duties on coal and iron ores and the differential duty on refined sugar; favors a "sound currency and a safe banking system," based on "an honest dollar, of a single standard of value." It asserts that "fit men only should be chosen for public office, and unworthy candidates nominated by unworthy means should be defeated at the polls."

This is the first time in our recollection when the sacred duty of bolting bad nominations was declared in a party platform. The civil service platform is especially good, and deserves to be quoted in full. It is as follows:

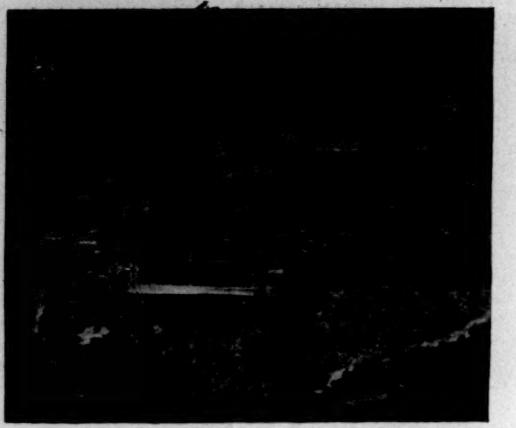
> "The public service should be manned throughout by honest men, selected for merit, fairly paid, giving the government a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of pay, and in places not political, secure in tenure during good service. We demand an efficient enforcement of the civil service laws and an extension of the classified service in State and nation."

It denounces HILL as a "Democrat only when Democracy means himself," who, as a Senator, has opposed the Democratic President, "voted against the paramount principles of the Democratic party"; whose "political career has been built upon corruption"; and "who planned and directed the political crime rebuked in 1893 by a majority of 100,000." It declares that honest Democrats owe no allegiance to the convention which denied them representation because they had not acquiesced or participated in public crime.

The great value of this document is that, unlike most politicians when they issue addresses and formulate platforms, the men who adopted it mean what they say. The logic of their position is that an honest Democrat ought to do anything in his power to secure the defeat of the dishonest leader who seeks the reward of public crimes, and who demands loyalty from Democrats simply on the ground that notwithstanding his treachery to his party, he has seen fit to label himself a Democrat.

Apart from the exigencies of the present campaign, it is to be hoped that the Democrats who have framed this excellent body of principles, who realize the meaning of every word they have uttered, and who have consciences as well as intelligence, will retain their organization after HILL'S career is blasted by his impending defeat. They may secure very few votes for their candidate—so few that it may appear to them that their movement might better have been postponed until after the campaign—but every vote will mean something. It will have behind it a mind and a good purpose, and will therefore be worth hundreds of votes given by party slaves through a misconception of the demands of party loyalty.

Without regard to the advisability of the nomination of Mr. WHEELER, or its probable effect on Mr. MORTON'S plurality, the movement and its platform are of good omen for the future. Mr. SHEPARD and his coworkers are right in denying that HILL represents the Democratic party, or indeed anything except his own immoderate ambitions. It was not the Democratic party of New York which nominated him this year. It was not the Democratic party which sent him and his unworthy colleague to the United States Senate. It was an autocratic machine organized for spoils, which, in defiance of Democratic traditions, has excluded Democratic voters not under its mastership from participation in Democratic councils. The existence and power of this machine are not only a wrong to those who have finally revolted; it is a wrong to the State that all its Democratic citizens who have sound views and good intentions should be kept out of active politics. It is injurious to the interests of both the State and the country that a condition of things should exist in one of the two great parties which makes men like EVERETT P. WHEELER, CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, and EDWARD M. SHEPARD bolters, while HILL, MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and CROKER are "regulars." The movement inaugurated in Brooklyn should go on until these conditions are at an end. When men like those who wrote the platform of this movement are at the head of the Democratic party, the country will know what the party means, and that it means what it says.

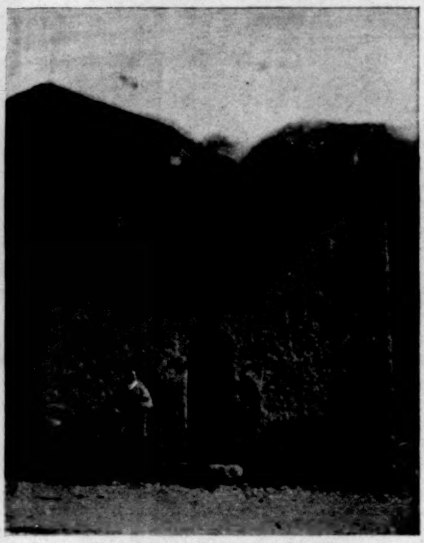


A DWELLING-HOUSE.

THE MAYOR OF ANDORRA.

THE PALACE OF ANDORRA.

A STREET SCENE, ANDORRA.



THE PRISON.

THE KEY OF THE PALACE.

THE VALE OF ANDORRA—A PRIMITIVE REPUBLIC.

THE VALE OF ANDORRA.

AMONG the heights of the Pyrenees Mountains, equidistant from France and Spain, there lies an isolated valley called the Vale of Andorra. It measures less than eighteen miles in either direction, yet it is the home of one of the oldest republics of the world.

While travelling in southern France during April last I reached the large and wealthy city of Toulouse. Finding that this interesting little valley was not far distant, I determined to become one of the few Americans who have ever visited it. Train could be taken as far as Ax, famous for its hot baths. From Ax a diligence toils over a gradually ascending road to the little hamlet called L'Hospitalet. Here guides and horses are procured for a tedious ascent by bridle-path to the republic of Andorra.

I left green fields at Toulouse, and found a heavy snow-storm at L'Hospitalet. A night there, and then, just at dawn, commenced the real Andorran tour. We ascended by rocky icy paths less than one foot in width, where false steps would throw horse and rider upon jagged rocks hundreds of feet below. The track was covered with snow and ice, and the horse slipped so frequently that I ventured to ask my guide if people ever fell over this precipice.

"Sometimes, monsieur."

"Are they killed?"

"Always, monsieur."

Thus encouraged, I proceeded. We passed over vast snow-fields, where the horses often sank to their bellies, and had to be pulled out by the head and tail. For hours no sign of life was visible. From a height of 8000 feet, however, we saw spread out far below us the Val d'Andorre, dotted with houses and farms. Eight hours from the Hospitalet we entered the capital, and stopped at its only hotel.

There are several smaller towns, but Andorra is the seat of government, and the spot where interests centre. Great was our surprise and pleasure to find located here a fellow-countryman. An American artist, who has annual success at the Paris Salon, was making Andorra his home, while by sketches, by study of the customs, and by the gathering of historical matter he was preparing material for a book, now soon to appear. Through this gentleman's courtesy I was enabled to see much that otherwise would have been denied me. He had received from the President the "Freedom of the Valley," and all were eager to serve him.

The lion or great sight of Andorra is the Palais. This is a large stone building several hundred years old, where the weighty affairs of government are arranged. It probably at one time was the stronghold of some noble family. Even yet high above the door may be seen the chute through which boiling liquids were poured upon the heads of assailants. Twenty-four Deputies meet in this building several times each year. The ground-floor is a stable, where their horses are lodged, and tended by their masters' own hands. The second floor contains a large dining-room, where the Deputies all eat together; also a kitchen, Senate-Chamber, and the public school. The third floor is the Deputies' sleeping-apartments. The thick oak floors of the building are worn into rolling prairies from ages of usage.

Around the Senate-Chamber hang the robes and hats worn during session. A strong closet, built into the wall and fastened with seven locks, contains the state documents. Seven Deputies hold the keys, and the door cannot be unlocked unless all are present. These documents are jealously guarded, and few foreigners have even seen them. They record the transactions of a government whose constitution is four centuries older than the Magna Charta. They are deemed the talismans of the country's independence, and are written in the untranslatable native tongue.

My friend the artist, through the kindness of the caretaker, found himself locked in this building one evening. Through the same kindness, also, he found that the seven Deputies never carried home the seven keys. This particular night they were carelessly left within reach. What observations and sketches were made that night he will make known later. The instrument for execution is kept in a large chest in the dining-room. It consists of a steel collar, the front of which is forced by a screw against the throat. It is very simple, and does not weigh over twenty pounds.

The schoolmaster, who is also the Secretary of the Senate, was our guide through the Palais. He combines with the above offices that of village barber. This he is able to do as shaving is customary only on Sundays.

Upon leaving the building we noticed the door-key, nearly eighteen inches long, and which weighed four pounds. In the street we met the Mayor, who had just returned from ploughing.

We visited the church, which was very plain; the graveyard, where graves are never marked in any way, so that it resembled any weedy field; the prison, where no one is confined; and the butcher shop, which is closed except on periodical slaughter-days. Every householder owns a goat, and each morning a little urchin collects all the flock and drives them away to the mountain-side, remaining with them all day. He receives a few pennies per year for each goat.

A party of smugglers returned from a business trip during my stay at Andorra. They were greeted with joy by the entire people. Smuggling is considered perfectly legitimate, and is carried on even by officers of the government. The roads are so steep and bad that no vehicle can be used, and nothing can be done on a large scale.

Neither France nor Spain has considered it important to suppress this petty pilfering. Besides smuggling, the chief employments are agriculture and cattle-raising. The products, however, are said to be insufficient to maintain the people, and thus results smuggling.

The government holds land high among the mountains, and rents such land to cattle-owners, this, with a direct tax of a few cents per head, suffices for a treasury fund. No officer of the government receives pay, even the President serving for honor. Every man is a soldier at his own charges.

The dining-room of the inn is the place of congregation for all Andorra on Sundays. There, seated at the long tables, drinking their country wines and playing with curiously figured cards, may be seen the President, Mayor, and poorest citizen. The landlord is the jolly host of olden time. The wine-bottles upon the table are of glass, with cone-shaped spouts. While drinking, each man holds this aloft, and drinks with his mouth twelve inches or more distant from the spout. This economizes drinking-glasses, and is deemed more cleanly.

The population of Andorra is less than 10,000, and remains about the same from century to century. The law of primogeniture prevails, so that only the eldest son finds himself rich enough to marry.

The language is a Spanish dialect, Spanish money is used, and many of the customs are of Spanish derivation.

Andorra is a republic in name. The people boast of their freedom and long-lived independence, yet they are obliged to pay annual tribute to both France and Spain—about $200 to each. The French and Spanish governments have each a representative there, who, subject to the customs and usages of the country, divide authority with the native President.

A scheme has been proposed for building a railroad through this valley connecting France and Spain. If this is done, which is not improbable, the curious, quiet little republic will be open to the world, and soon all will be modernized.

Another scheme has been proposed for locating here a second Monte Carlo. The Andorrese are very favorable to this, but the French government has not thought best.

There are several explanations of the origin of the name Andorra. It is perhaps from the Arabic word Aldorra—a place thick with trees.

It is said also that the people living in this valley aided Charlemagne against the Moors, and in gratitude he made them forever free. As he was leaving the valley he looked back, and the view reminding him of the Vale of Endor, mentioned in the Bible in connection with the witch of Endor, he named the valley Endor. This in centuries became Andorra. Ruins relating to Charlemagne's campaign are still pointed out.

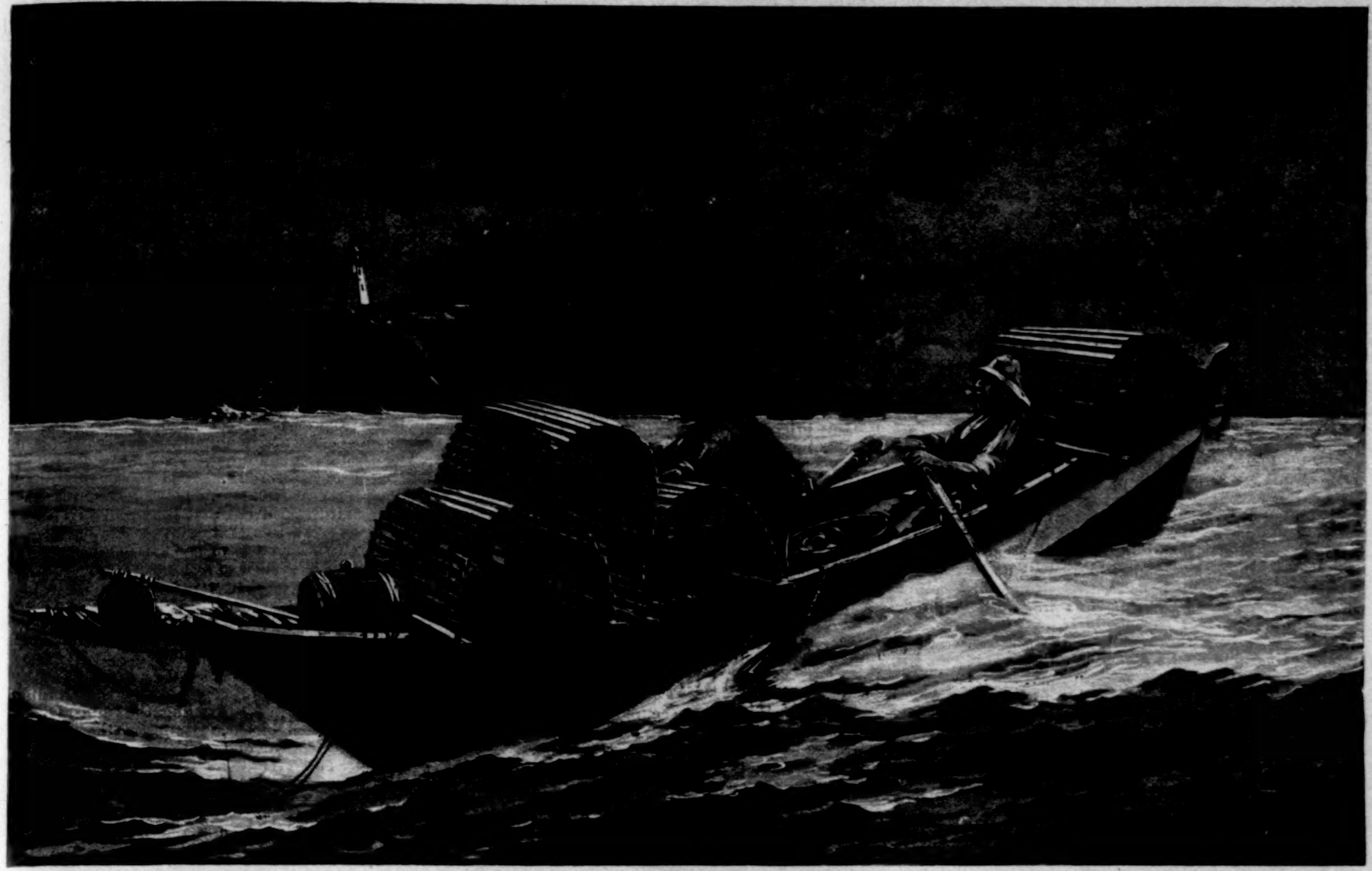
Most of the Andorrese never leave their little valley; many hardly leave their own town; but there, busied among their fields and flocks, breathing the pure mountain air, they live to a green old age, and pass away so quietly that for one thousand years they have lived in the heart of Europe and have left no trace in its history. G. G. BROWNELL.

MAKING THE FIRST PICTURE PLAY.

WHEN Mr. Oscar Wilde, in his lament over the decay of lying, endeavored to emphasize the degree in which life imitates art, it is possible that he did not have in mind the many and various means by which within recent years life has been used to illustrate art. It is probable that the tendency toward an increasingly exacting realism in all forms of art has had something to do with the development of these methods and the popular enjoyment of them, and it is entirely possible that there is something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that photography and the modern realistic movement are of about the same age.

Quite naturally the impressiveness of fictitious arrangement of strictly real pictures of life suggested the possibility of a preconcerted plan of illustration. But for a long time the idea seemed rather formidable. It was reasonable to suppose that the artistic difficulties would be enormous, for lenses are arbitrary things, and the difficulties of photography increase by a very troublesome ratio with the increase in the number of figures in a group.

Last spring Mr. Alexander Black determined actually to try the piquing experiment. In writing *Miss Jerry*, the picture play produced last week, he tried to keep the photographic difficulties in mind. On the margin of the MS. he made notes for pictures representing every fifty or sixty words of the story. It was necessary that one picture must remain on the screen before the audience until dissolved into the next, and that consequently the elements of a picture should not, if possible, fail to keep in key with the text before the passage of the twenty or twenty-five seconds elapsing between the changes. For this reason Mr. Black found that he could not choose for illustration those mo-



LOBSTER-FISHING ON THE GRAND MANAN BANKS.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 990.]

"'I'VE BEEN JOLLYIN' THE GIRL A LITTLE,' HE SAID."

"'DON'T YOU SEE IT'S ONLY LITTLE JERRY?' SHOUTED PINK."

"SHE SURVEYED JERRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

"'STOP YOUR NOISE, PINK,' SAID MARY."

"YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A FOOL, EITHER."

"'BUT I WAS A LITTLE SCARED,' JERRY CONFESSED."

A SCENE FROM THE PICTURE PLAY "MISS JERRY."—[See Page 988.]

ments of the liveliest action, which would become incongruous if represented on the screen for an appreciable length of time. He was forced to choose moments just before or just after such spirited action as might come into the story, and to make the transit in the text sufficiently quick to preserve a naturalistic order in the story.

It was not wished to produce the illusion of actual action, as the kinetoscope of Mr. Edison has since presented it, but of actual glimpses of action.

So that in casting the characters of his love-story Mr. Black asked the people chosen for the different parts to ignore the traditions of the stage as unavailable, however interesting they might be, and to forget conventional theories of picture-making. In posing the characters he asked them to co-operate with him in getting effects as natural as possible, so that the effect might be not of art illustrated by art, but of art illustrated by life.

Mr. Black secured the use of the carbon studio of James L. Breese, New York, for his experiments. In this gallery he built the various interiors, complete, so far as possible, in all details. But what Mr. Black says himself is of interest:

"More than any other privilege of the 'picture play' method was that of using the city itself as a background. I took my characters out-of-doors. Bringing the life of the streets into partnership with the scheme of illustration had its drawbacks. One of my characters had to walk the length of a Broadway block opposite the post-office five times before the *ensemble* at the necessary moment of hand-camera exposure was favorable to a satisfactory picture. The street life could not be asked to stand still, nor to move in a specific manner. To find any evidences of observation in the resulting picture would be ruinous to the naturalism. One of the most gratifying things accomplished with the hand-camera in this way is, I think, a scene in Cherry Hill, under the shadow of the bridge, in which the teeming life of this section betrays no sign of knowing how novel a process was going on under its nose."

The heroine of *Jerry* is a thoroughly American girl, brought up among the mines and cow-camps of Colorado, who in her young-womanhood faces modern life in New York. She gratifies a long-cherished ambition to go into journalism, and a glimpse of her adventures as a reporter affords opportunity for various typical camera sketches.

The heroine, in the story, interviews a prominent railroad president—Mr. Depew; but Mr. Vanderbilt had just taken him away to an unexpected meeting when Mr. Black called with his heroine and camera. The next day they were obliged to return several hours later, when the president they sought was alone.

More difficult in some ways was the work of photographing Superintendent Martin talking to the heroine on the Brooklyn Bridge. A gale was blowing at the time, and there was considerable traffic; but the heroine and the engineer agreed to go on talking about the bridge until Mr. Black should find the favoring moment.

In each of these cases the studies were taken twice, so that on the screen the progress of a conversation, as in the other features of the story's illustrations, might be suggested.

The dissolving stereopticon gives opportunity for various effects. It is in this way that it has been possible to illustrate not merely the actions but the thoughts of the characters. Indeed, the concurrent use of pictures and text has a variety of advantages. Within the hour and a half occupied by the "picture play," pictures and text naturally tell a much longer story than could be told by text alone within the same time or by separated pictures and text. The text need devote very little space to description, for the eye is receiving the description through the pictures, and without the withdrawing of any attention from the monologue.

In some recent comments on *Miss Jerry*, Mr. Arthur Stedman speaks of the picture play as to some extent a realization of a prophecy in *Looking Backward*, if not of the later prophecy concerning books in M. Uzanne's whimsical paper. No one doubts that something in the direction of the picture play will ultimately become a familiar means of entertainment. Already it has been made quite clear that in this scientific millennium the public will not have to betake itself to exhibition halls to see and hear a novelette, but will sit at home and take the novelette over the wires, seeing and hearing with the aid of electricity. In the mean time, however, we must be content at the half-way house. Certainly the half-way house has proved to be a very interesting place.

In this article nothing is said in particular of *Miss Jerry* as a story, because this has seemed to be less important here than the manner of illustrating it, and because, furthermore, the author is more dependent upon the natural element of surprise than the playwright would be. In fact, his point of view and point of vantage are those of the story-writer rather than the play-writer. The incident chosen for illustration on page 989 is that of the misunderstanding by which the "Rose of the Rockies" follows her husband, "Pink," the Bowery cowboy, to the house of the heroine, and bursts in with her "gun"—the "gun" she uses in splitting potatoes at a Bowery museum. The gaunt and terrible Mary is placated after a while, and goes away in a comparatively tranquil frame of mind. The author has typified in "Pink" the Eastern modification of the Western camp character, the "buckskin scout," as Mr. Remington has called him, who wears long hair for revenue only.

THE AMERICAN LOBSTER.

THE lobsters found in American waters are somewhat different from those found in Europe, *Homarus americanus* having claws much larger in proportion than those caught off the British and off the Norway coast. There is, however, no difference in the habits of these crustaceans, nor do they taste differently on the table.

The American lobsters, like their European cousins, are migratory. They come inshore from deep water from March to May, and they depart in the autumn in the same irregular manner. But they must be gregarious, as they move in their migrations in a solid phalanx, the larger lobsters marching in front, and the little fellows bringing up the rear. They are extremely pugnacious, and when they do not find other denizens of the deep to fight with they fight one another, and in this they resemble many of the races of man. When attacked by a too powerful foe they display great activity in retreating, and much skill in thrusting their bodies into holes and crevices in the rocks. The lobster-fishers make traps—variously called creels, pots, and traps—bait them with garbage and animal refuse, sink them in deep water, and mark the spot of each with some sort of buoy. The traps are provided with holes like those in a rat-trap, so that a lobster, having crawled in, cannot possibly get out. The traps are hauled into a boat every day or so, and the catch removed. Till there be enough to make a shipment to market, the lobsters are put in boxes and kept alive in salt water. When shipped they are put in boxes in layers of damp sea-grass. In this kind of packing they will keep alive and vigorous for several days. When alive it is of a beautifully clouded bluish-black color. This color changes to an almost uniform red when the lobster is boiled. It may be pleasant for the tender-hearted who have grieved over the sufferings of live lobsters plunged into boiling water to know that these crustaceans are not of a highly sensitive nature, and that their nervous system is of a very low order. They cannot, therefore, suffer very greatly, nor, if the water be boiling, can they suffer very long. Probably a more merciful method of inflicting death could not be devised. The consumption of lobsters is probably greater in Europe than in America, for the demand for them has been so large there that it has resulted in over-fishing, and the supply has therefore fallen off. At various times there has been a discussion of restrictive laws in Great Britain which should establish either a closed season or put some limit on the size of the lobsters permitted to be sold in market. As yet there has been no such necessity in America, where lobster-fishing is not enormously profitable. The fishermen are glad to get from three to six cents a pound for the merchantable of their catch, though the consumer pays in the markets of New York this price several times over. Of fish food, lobster is probably the most indigestible, and to some persons it is as dangerous as actual poison; those to whom it is antipathetic usually never require more than one experience to make them shun it ever afterwards. The scientists, who have studied the lobster with a minute care which has left to it no secrets whatever, declare that there is no part of the lobster that is poisonous. This is not thus announced to deter lobster-eaters from removing the portions popularly supposed to be poisonous. In all probability those portions are only a little more indigestible than others.

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE growth of a city is most accurately estimated by the demands upon its water-supply. Pure water is of the utmost importance to the health of towns and cities.

While the eastern and central portions of the United States are blest with summer rains and a grand system of rivers and lakes from which to draw a supply for their cities and towns, the Pacific coast has only winter rains, which last for an average of about five months in the year—from about the middle of October to the end of March—being followed by an absolutely dry summer, lasting from six to seven months. In order, therefore, to make a success of a water-supply it becomes necessary to store the winter waters when there is an abundance flowing to waste into the sea.

The Spring Valley Water Company is the corporation which furnishes San Francisco with its water from reservoirs situate in the southern portion of the peninsula. The Pilarcitos Reservoir is in the mountains of San Mateo County, and has an elevation of nearly 700 feet above the tide-level. This was constructed in 1864, when the population of the city was fully 100,000 inhabitants. This reservoir was formed by the building of a substantial earth dam across the Pilarcitos Valley, which dam is now 90 feet high, and which makes the storage capacity of the reservoir 1,000,000,000 gallons. A 30-inch iron pipe, sixteen miles in length, conveys the water of Pilarcitos to Lake Honda, a distributing reservoir in the suburbs of the city at an elevation of 368 feet, and with a capacity of 33,000,000 gallons.

The population of San Francisco still growing, and the water-consumption keeping pace with its growth, it became necessary to construct the San Andreas dam, forming a lake with a storage capacity of about 6,200,000,000 gallons, and with an elevation of 450 feet above tide. Both the Pilarcitos and the San Andreas reservoirs have a substantial waste-weir built of brick, laid in cement, and mounted with large iron brass-faced waste-gates strong enough to control any flood. A conduit was constructed from the San Andreas waste-weir into San Francisco, consisting of 3000 feet of tunnel lined with brick-work, and sixteen miles of 30-inch wrought-iron pipe.

When the San Andreas works were completed, about 1870, the population had increased to some 150,000, and the daily consumption to about 6,000,000 gallons. About this time the company began to acquire lands and water rights in the Crystal Springs Valley, which is located about southeasterly from the Pilarcitos and San Andreas reservoirs, and which, with a proper dam, would produce a magnificent storage reservoir of a capacity of 30,000,000,000 gallons.

Mr. Herman Schussler, the company's head engineer, strongly urged the building of a concrete dam at the mouth of the Crystal Springs Valley, and Charles Webb Howard, the president of the company, and the manager of its financial affairs since its formation, heartily coincided with Mr. Schussler. This was in 1887, when the daily consumption had grown to fully 19,000,000 gallons. In the summer of that year the company began to lay the foundation of their magnificent concrete dam, which now forms the great Crystal Springs Reservoir. In the following year this dam was raised to a height of 115 feet above its base, and a pipe was laid across the bay of San Francisco at its narrowest point.

In the winter of 1889 and '90 the rainfall was excessive, and the reservoir, though of large dimensions, soon filled up to the brim and ran over. In order to prevent such waste in the future, the Spring Valley Water-Works concluded to raise the dam another 30 feet, which was accomplished during the summer of 1890, making it then 145 feet above its base, and increasing its capacity to about 19,000,000 gallons.

The dam, built of concrete, has a thickness at its base of 176 feet, and a top width of 25 feet when finished to its full height of 170 feet. The slope on the water-front is one foot horizontally to four feet vertically, while the slope on the back, while it starts at one vertically to one horizontally, ends on top about two feet vertically to one horizontally. The length of the top of the dam will be 700 feet, and it is curved with a radius of 637 feet, the convex side being up-stream.

Concrete dams of smaller size have been constructed in other parts of the world, but in many cases, when they had been treated as a monolith, some trouble has been experienced in the large masses, owing to their shrinking and cracking. In order to avoid this danger, Mr. Schussler devised a plan of building this dam of large blocks in place. These blocks were of various sizes, averaging about thirty feet in width and forty feet in length, and having a thickness of about eight feet. Two of these blocks were built each day separate from each other, but in order not to allow their setting during the noon recess, half the force of men were kept on the work ramming while the other half had their lunch. Thus a constant system of ramming and filling was kept up to quitting-time in the evening, and to whatever height the block had been finished, that remained its height for the next ten or fourteen days, until it had set and hardened by itself. The vertical sides of the blocks were indented by placing wooden boxes inside of the tight board fences that surrounded each block.

In this manner the entire surface of the dam was studded with these large concrete blocks, each one consuming about 450 barrels of English Portland cement, making a total daily average consumption of 900 barrels of this cement. The only rock to be obtained was so shattered and broken that no building-stone greater than the size of an ordinary cobble-stone could be found in the quarry, so the engineer concluded to break up the stone to the size of between a hen's egg and a walnut, and go on and build the dam of concrete instead of rubble-stone. Eight large crushers were erected, in which this stone was broken. Thereafter it was passed through six automatic steel washers, in which the broken rock was tumbled and cleansed of all impurity. From these washers it fell into two cars, which jointly contained twenty-two cubic feet of broken rock, which, together with two barrels of sand and one of cement, was dumped into a cubical Ransome steel mixer, the axis of which was set diagonally from corner to corner, and through the hollow axle of which the necessary amount of water for the mixing of the concrete was admitted. After revolving this mixture from fifteen to twenty times, and thoroughly tumbling and mixing all the above materials, the mixer was stopped, and its contents dropped out and conveyed in steel cars on a high trestle-work to a place close to the dam, where it was dumped on to a platform erected on the respective level that the dam happened to be at the time. From this platform it was conveyed in wheelbarrows to whatever blocks were then being formed, dumped into the same, and spread in thin two-inch layers, and quickly rammed by a large force of men, each with a fifteen-pound rammer, so as to perfectly consolidate it with the previous layers.

The above process was kept up constantly, without cessation, from the hour of beginning in the morning till the hour of quitting in the evening, thus finishing two of the above-mentioned blocks, forming in the neighborhood of 20,000 cubic feet of concrete daily, having a weight of 140 pounds per cubic foot. This represents a total daily weight of the concrete so manufactured of 2,800,000 pounds.

The storage capacity of the company's reservoirs together now is 29,000,000,000 gallons, and they contain an average of 25,000,000,000 gallons.

The company has other properties in view where an additional supply of water may be stored. With the reservoirs built eventually as proposed, its storage capacity, which is now 29,000,000,000 gallons, will be increased to 72,000,000,000 gallons; and their daily supply capacity, which at present is nearly 30,000,000 gallons, the city consuming 20,000,000 gallons, will be increased to nearly 100,000,000 gallons daily, which would permit an abundant supply for from one to one and a half million people. Thus San Francisco, in proportion to its population, is abundantly supplied with water, not only at present, but for many years ahead.

The joint capacity of the seven city reservoirs is in the neighborhood of 80,000,000 gallons, and their respective elevations range from 168 feet to 375 feet above tide. The distributing-pipe system of San Francisco, from four inches up to thirty-seven and one-half inches, has a total length of 285 miles, and although the surface of the city is broken up by many hills and dales, the average pressure maintained throughout the city varies from fifty to seventy-five pounds to the square inch, which is of large assistance to its very efficient fire department.

The reservoirs of the Spring Valley Water-Works are all plentifully stocked with fish, and angling in these lakes, for which permission is freely given to all reputable people, is one of the principal recreations of the San-Franciscans. The Spring Valley Company is regarded, and justly so, as one of the most progressive and most ably managed institutions of the United States, and it not only keeps pace with, but leads in the improvements and growth of the Pacific coast metropolis.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

MOBILIZATION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

THE people of Massachusetts are very proud of its volunteer militia, which paraded in its entirety in Boston, October 9th.

The armed force of the Bay State consists of six regiments of infantry, three troops of cavalry, three light batteries of artillery, two corps of cadets (four companies of infantry each), two signal corps, an ambulance corps, and a naval brigade of eight companies—in all about six thousand officers and men.

In addition to the five days' duty in camp, the militia law of the State prescribes that each regiment, separate battalion, corps of cadets, and unattached company of the volunteer militia shall parade for instruction one day in each year at such time and place as the commander-in-chief (the Governor) may designate.

For the first time in six years the entire State force was assembled at 10 A.M. October 9th at Boston and vicinity, the troops being ordered to rendezvous at several different points in the city proper, two in Somerville, and at one in Cambridge.

The limited time in the forenoon prevented much attention being given to tactical work, yet benefit was derived from the experience gained in embarking and disembarking and assembling at the different points.

The troops in their simple service uniforms, canvas leggings, and campaign hats of the army pattern presented a ready-for-business appearance quite in contrast with the brilliancy of color, gaudy plumage, and weighty display of polished brass and glittering gold lace worn by the citizen-soldier in *ante bellum* times.

In this year of grace 1894 circumstances have taught the citizens of the country the value of a properly equipped and well-disciplined militia. Fortunately the law-abiding citizens of the Bay State have not needed the presence of the Commonwealth's right arm, but the recent parade in Boston was evidence that the arm is to-day as muscular and in better training than in the days of '61.

In the early afternoon, after the troops in true army style had fed from their haversacks, the entire force—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—marched through the principal streets of Boston, and gave a marching salute to the Governor at the State-house. The streets were crowded, and the parade was witnessed by thousands, many coming

from distant New England towns on the excursion trains run purposely for the occasion.

A very interesting and altogether unique feature of the afternoon parade, the suggestion of Colonel George F. Hall, Inspector General of Rifle Practice of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was the prominence given to the distinguished marksmen and sharp-shooters. In fact, by many the occasion was termed "Sharp-shooters' day."

Of this class of marksmen in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in 1891, there were 191; in 1892, 253; in 1893, 349; and to the present time in 1894, 625, of whom 59 wear the badge of distinguished marksman.

The several organizations are credited with sharp-shooters as follows: First Infantry, 96; Second Infantry, 95; Fifth Infantry, 30; Sixth Infantry, 74; Eighth Infantry, 60; Ninth Infantry, 40; Naval Brigade, 86; First Corps Cadets, 36; Second Corps Cadets, 29; Headquarters First Brigade, 3; Headquarters Second Brigade, 7; First Cavalry, 9; Signal Corps, First Brigade, 2.

To get the title of "sharp-shooter" the State requires the soldier to make the following record: Two scores of 22 out of a possible 25 at 200 yards, two scores of 24 out of a possible 25 at 500 yards, and two scores of 23 out of a possible 25 at 600 yards.

The officers and men composing this class, called the "shooting stars," were designated by scarlet feathers of the Mephistopheles pattern worn on the right-hand side of their drab campaign hats. As many of them as could be spared from duty with their own commands marched at the head of each organization with their rifles slung and bearing picket shovels.

These detachments of "crack shots," by their picturesque appearance, attracted much attention, and were generously applauded all along the route.

CHARLES B. ROHAN.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN,

WAR GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA, FATHER TO SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.

THE "War Governor" *par excellence* passed from the earth in the death last week of Andrew Gregg Curtin. It was not only that few others of the seventeen Chief Executives of the loyal States who met with him at Altoona, just after McClellan's disaster in the Peninsula, in the conclave which resulted in the famous call "for 300,000 more," served like him throughout the whole duration of the rebellion; nor was it that this pleasant old man, whom many remembered in his accustomed seat in the reading-room of the Lafayette Hotel in Philadelphia, and a few in his hospitable and simply elegant mountain home in Bellefonte, equipped nearly 400,000 men for the service of the Union, and nearly 90,000 more for the defence of his own thrice-invaded State; nor was it that he alone of all men, except perhaps General Sherman, foresaw the magnitude of the struggle impending in April, 1861, and, despite the almost

HON. A. G. CURTIN.

contemptuous refusal of the national government to accept them, raised, in view of an affair of more than "thirty days," the magnificent division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, consisting of three brigades of five regiments each, and chose for their commanders Meade, Reynolds, and Ord, perhaps the three most able brigadiers that any one division of the Federal army possessed at any one time. Not any of these things, nor any other one of the many poetically brilliant episodes of his executive career, gives him entire precedence over such men as Morgan of New York and Andrew of Massachusetts. What does give him the precedence is that when on his way to church on Thanksgiving morning, 1863, he met two starved and shivering little girls on Front Street, Harrisburg, the wind-swept bank of the Susquehanna, and learning that their father had died in battle, thought out during sermon-time the plan of his great monument—the Soldiers' Orphans Schools of Pennsylvania. Out of their portals passed, in the quarter of a century succeeding the war, an army of hundreds of thousands of "Sixteeners," as they were named from the age of graduation, who should confirm in all quarters of the earth where the sturdy Pennsylvania stock may flourish Governor Curtin's title to the high name of the "Soldier's Friend."

No other State had this system. All others left the care of the fatherless to the Federal government. Pennsylvania stands alone in this course of beneficent justice, and that she does so she owes to the tireless fatherliness of Curtin's heart, who, when his project had been defeated in one Legislature, marched a battalion of orphans to the very doors of the Capitol which held the next, and conquered the hearts of the legislators by a storm of childish harmony in patriotic song. This project, be it remembered, was not planned and executed in the period of joyous devotion to the country which followed the success of the arms of Grant. It was in that darkest hour just before the dawn of victory, when the confines of Pennsylvania were invaded; when Chambersburg, stripped of defenders by reason of the necessity of the defence of Washington, was burning; when every other man was what he would have called after the war was over a traitor, *i. e.*, a disbeliever in the power of the government to restore the Union; and when President Lincoln, at the advice of one Pennsylvanian, Mr. A. K. McClure, thought it necessary to send to another Pennsylvanian, General Meade, to furlough 5000 troops in order to insure his re-election.

Such was the action which makes Curtin's name lead all the rest on the mighty roll of "War Governors." Other acts of his, such as these mentioned, evinced the readiness to meet and grapple with emergencies undreamed-of before or since in the country's history, which characterized not him alone, but many of the giants who assuredly were on this American earth in those days. Doubtless either Andrew or Morgan would have done all that Curtin otherwise did had they been so near the front as he was. But this one act was right royal, an evidence rare in these days of elective rulership of the paternal duties of a ruler. It was such an act as Lincoln himself might have conceived and carried out in one of those moments of aspiration of his, which came nearer to inspiration than any deeds since Biblical days.

Though a man of almost unparalleled popularity in his State—a popularity strong enough to enable him to defeat the malevolent designs of Simon Cameron, who was his consistent opponent in the commonwealth, and sought his ruin with the people and the national administration, though both parties in the Legislature joined in a unanimous vote of thanks to him at the conclusion of his second term of three years, and again in a vote of thanks to President Grant upon his appointment to the Russian mission—Governor Curtin made a smaller figure in *post bellum* events than did scores of smaller men. He made the great mistake that many of the great lights of his party made—that it seemed at one time that a majority of them would make—namely, in partaking of the belief that the hold of General Grant upon the affections of the people had been weakened by what some wise and honest men considered the errors of his first term. It was a strange and unaccountable blindness that fell upon so many penetrating eyes—a curious short-sightedness that could not make out the mighty outlines of the wondrous past, from Belmont to Appomattox, that only saw largely through the pebbles of personal disappointment the errors of policy in an administration whose most onerous duty was the division of rewards concerning whose recipients the mass of the people cared nothing. Governor Curtin shared in the blindness and the terrific downfall of the so-called "Liberal" movement of 1872. He never sought to extricate himself from the ruins of that unstable party edifice. He remained in the ranks of the uncongenial minority party in his commonwealth, whither his revolt had driven him, and as a member of that party, though elected largely by the votes of his former partisans, represented the Congressional district in which Bellefonte was situated for three successive terms of 1880, 1882, and 1884.

But not these honors, nor those of his State, whose Secretary of the Commonwealth and choice for the Vice-Presidential nomination he had been as well as Governor and Congressman, were as dear to him as that title of the Soldier's Friend, conferred in those schools of his, conferred in a hundred camps and hospitals, from the Shenandoah to the Red River of the South, by thousands of Pennsylvania volunteers, who learned that the Federal government that they served could not send them outside the beneficent State sovereignty of their War Governor, Curtin.

A. E. WATROUS.

BREAKING THE RECORD FOR LONG-DISTANCE SIGNALLING.

THE feat of Alexander piloting his fleet by mirror beacons is perhaps the first use of reflected sun-rays in war; but that was scarcely a suggestion of the important place which the heliograph takes in modern warfare. Little did it foretell the accomplishment of the recent triumph of the United States Army Signal Corps in sending, by Morse code signals, messages between two stations 183 miles apart, thus touching the highest notch in heliography the world has ever known.

The heliograph is an instrument by which rays of light are reflected, from highly polished mirrors, so as to throw the resulting flash on any desired point within the field of vision. The mirrors are mounted on a tripod, and by adjusting screws the "flash" is kept concentrated on the distant station. By cutting off the flash with a movable screen for longer or shorter intervals the signalist at the distant station sees "dashes" or "dots" which represent to his skilled eye the familiar dash or dot of the telegraph code.

The snow-clad peak of Mount Uncompahgre, in southwestern Colorado, was selected as one of the two signal towers for a great experiment with the heliograph in long-distance work, to test the greatest possibilities of the instrument. The answering station was the summit of Mount Ellen, away beyond the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in the desert region of southern Utah. This range is 183 miles, the longest on the North American continent, if not in the world. The probability is, therefore, that the record made between those two peaks will stand as the greatest feat in long-distance signalling. The authentic records show but few instances in which the sun-flash had previously conveyed a message more than one hundred miles.

To the experts of the Signal Corps of the Army who assisted in the work the direct credit of this successful undertaking belongs. As the distance covered exceeded by fifty per cent. any previous record in Europe or America, the difficulties were vastly increased and the chances of failure made very large. The feat involved exhaustive mountain-climbing in rarefied atmosphere, in the face of severe snow-storms and terrific winds, which reached the velocity of eighty or one hundred miles an hour. Once at their stations, the two parties were expected to hold their positions for a fortnight, unless earlier success crowned their efforts.

From the army headquarters in Denver, Captain Glassford, after arranging the preliminaries and deciding upon the details of the test, directed the initiatory work, being heartily encouraged and assisted in his plans by General A. McD. McCook, commanding the Department of the Colorado, and stimulated by General A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, to win success.

Preliminary tests in quick and accurate communication from the summit of Pikes Peak to Denver, sixty-six miles distant, and other points in the vicinity of Denver, proved more than satisfactory, and early in September orders were issued for the departure of the parties to the highest peaks for the crucial trial. Sunrise of September 10th was named as the hour when the stations should be established on top of Mounts Uncompahgre and Ellen and the experiment should begin.

The *personnel* of the parties was as follows:

On Mount Uncompahgre—Captain Glassford, and Sergeants McGlone, Bessell, and McLaughlin, Signal Corps, U.S.A. Sergeant McLaughlin later opened and operated a heliograph station near the railway terminus at Lake City, Colorado, for the transmission of heliograms by telegraph.

On Mount Ellen—Sergeants Bartsch and Griffin, of the Signal Corps, U.S.A.

At Thompsons, a railroad station ninety miles from Mount Ellen—Sergeant Steele, Signal Corps, U.S.A.

The parties left Denver for the scene of operations, and when the sun's rays touched the tops of the mountains on September 10th every man was at his post, straining his eyes toward the distant horizon.

Mount Uncompahgre rises to a height of 14,418 feet, and is one of the giants of the Rockies. The ascent was accomplished in the face of snow-storms and wind, under great difficulties, as the sides of the mountain for several thousand feet below the summit are so nearly perpendicular that but few persons have ever attempted to scale them.

The Mount Ellen signal-men reached their station after encountering a severe snow-storm which threatened to stop all progress. The cold and wind were so great on the summit—11,400 feet elevation—that Sergeants Griffin and Bartsch were obliged to make their camp some distance from the top of the mountain, to which they had to climb every morning. Far away to the eastward, through the hazy atmosphere, appeared the dim outlines of a mountain-peak rising above its fellows, but only in the early morning and later evening, when refraction brought it into view, could it be seen. The white-tipped summit was Mount Uncompahgre.

The sun rose bright and clear on September 10th, but a snow-storm about the summit soon prevented communication between the two stations. Early in the afternoon, however, the men on Mount Ellen caught a "flash" from Uncompahgre which appeared through the telescope like a twinkling star; but the atmosphere grew hazy, and that short twinkling was all the message Uncompahgre could give for seven long days. It was the joyous harbinger of success.

The strain of constant watching in the cutting wind, for hours daily, was almost more than the men could bear; but, though blinded by wind and snow, the faith and determination of the parties never faltered.

At last, on the seventh day, the clouds dispersed, the air became transparent, and nature and fortune smiled. The point of light was found once more upon the horizon. It's keen ray was seen to flash out and vanish with that rhythm which to the trained eye of the eager and anxious signalman resolves itself into Morse letters. Letter followed letter in rapid succession, words grew into sentences, the flash burned across mesa and cañon, athwart peaks of the Rockies, over half of Utah, and bore to Washington this message, establishing a new record for long range in signalling:

Mount Uncompahgre, Colo.; *viâ* Mount Ellen, Utah; *viâ* Thompsons, Utah; *viâ* Denver, Colo., *Sept.* 17, 1894.

To Chief Signal Officer, Washington, D.C.
Through Commanding General, Denver:

By sunbeam flash, signally reflected, this heliogram has been sent direct 183 miles over the sunset slopes of Colorado and Utah, thus distancing the highest record ever made in military signalling.

GLASSFORD, Captain.

Forwarded to Adjutant-General of Army, Washington, D.C.

THOMAS WARD, Ass. Adj.-Gen,
In absence of Department Commander.

The receipt of the heliogram was acknowledged in the following words, by telegram:

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Sept.* 18, 1894.

To Capt. W. A. Glassford, Signal Corps,
Mount Uncompahgre, viâ Lake City, Colo.:

Congratulate you on the indefatigable exertions and skilful arrangements whereby you have beaten the world's record for long-distance heliograph signalling by fifty-eight miles. The United States has reason to congratulate itself upon American ingenuity and assiduous exertions, whereby its soldiers have been enabled to transmit with a mirror of sixty-four square inches reflecting surface a message sixty-five miles further than the famous Mauritius line between the islands of Mauritius and Réunion, with its magnificent apparatus and mirror of 1550 inches of reflecting surface. This record must stand unsurpassed for many years, if not for all time.

A. W. GREELY,
Chief Signal Officer, U.S. Army.

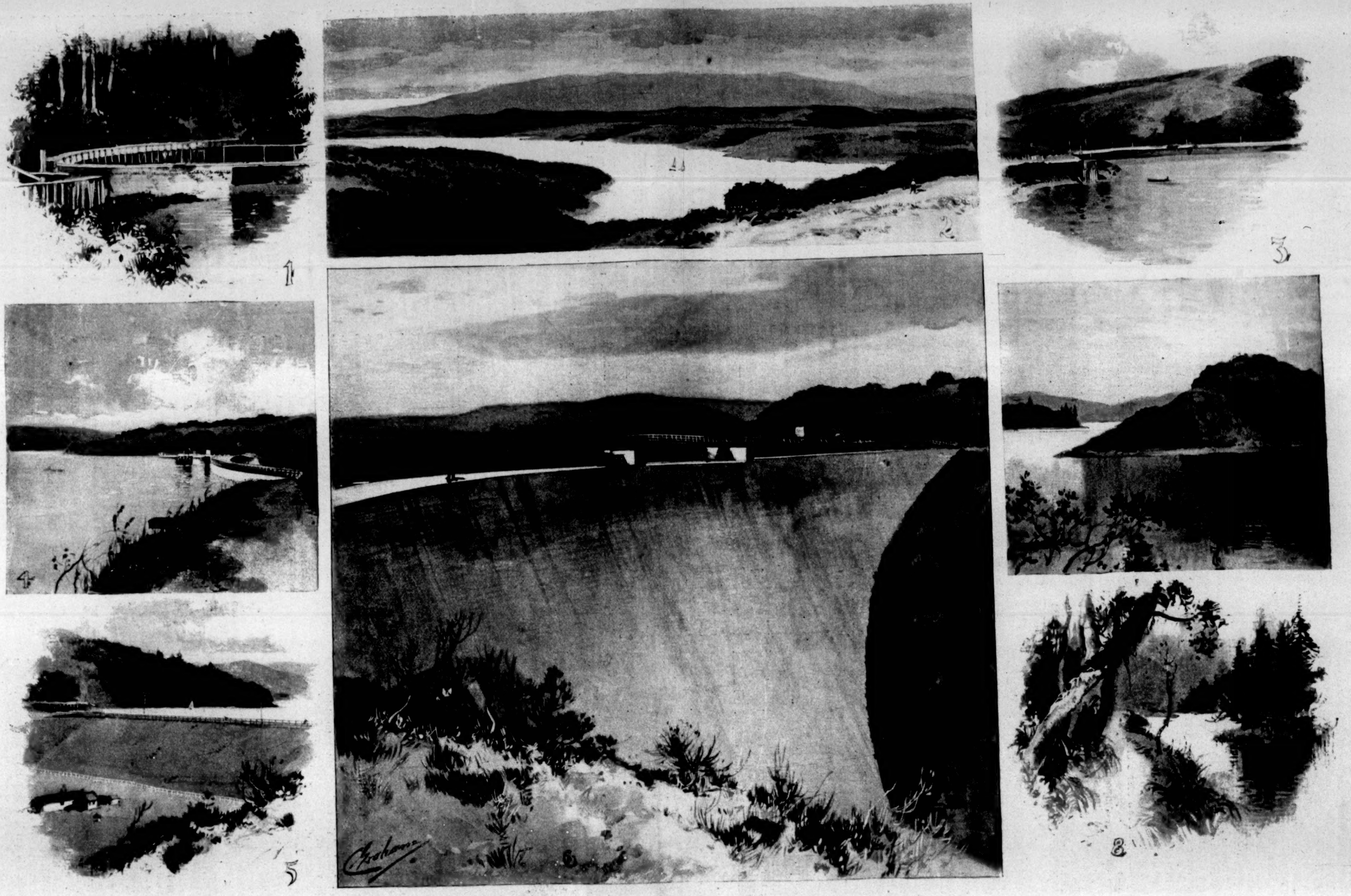
Under the final favorable conditions of the atmosphere the "flash," at the distance of 183 miles, bore the appearance of a bright red star. By the aid of the field-glasses and telescopes used, the letters signalled by this "flash" were as easily read by the experts as is the ordinary Morse code of the telegraph instrument.

It cannot pass notice that the Glassford flash is almost a communication between invisible points. Mount Ellen and Mount Uncompahgre are not properly in the same horizon; it was only for a brief hour at beginning and end of day that refraction bent the sharp ray from the distant mirror and lifted it over the curving globe between. Art made the flash, nature carried it across to successful achievement.

J. W. FREEMAN.

THE LONG-SERVICE MEDAL.

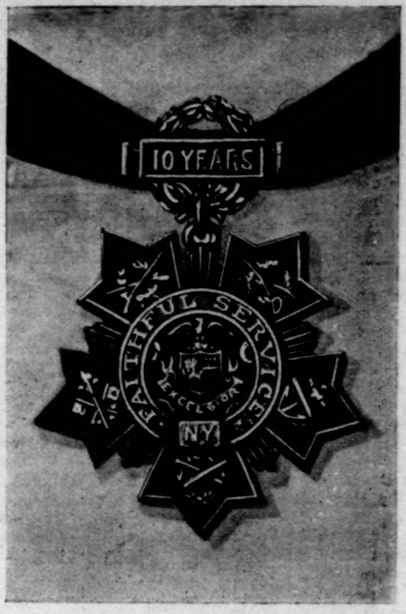
THE decoration illustrated herewith is the one about to be bestowed by the State upon members of the National Guard of New York as a sign and reward of continuous service for ten or more years, and is to be known as the Long-service Medal. The suggestion came from Adjutant-General Horace Porter, and the design is by Tiffany & Co. It is of the size shown in the illustration, and is to be suspended by a ribbon. The motive is a five-pointed star, the points indented to typify the bastions of a fortress, enclosing the arms of the State and the words "Faithful Service." Each point is decorated with a symbol of one of the five arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, naval reserve, and signal corps. The medal is to be made in four denominations—ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years—designated upon the bar across a laurel wreath to which the ribbon is attached. That for ten years will be of bronze; those for the higher denominations of a combination of bronze, silver, and gold in variations not yet fully determined. The proposal to give a fifth and most valuable form for thirty years of service has not been carried out, though many members of the Guard would be entitled to receive it. Just when this decoration will be ready for distribution is not yet known, nor exactly how many will be called for. It is estimated that about one-tenth of the whole present roll of the Guard has served more than ten years. The ordinary length of service, however, is only three or four years, and it is a saying that every regiment changes once in five years. This is regarded as a detrimental feature, and it is with the hope of encouraging by this honorable reward a longer period of enlistment that the medal has been instituted.



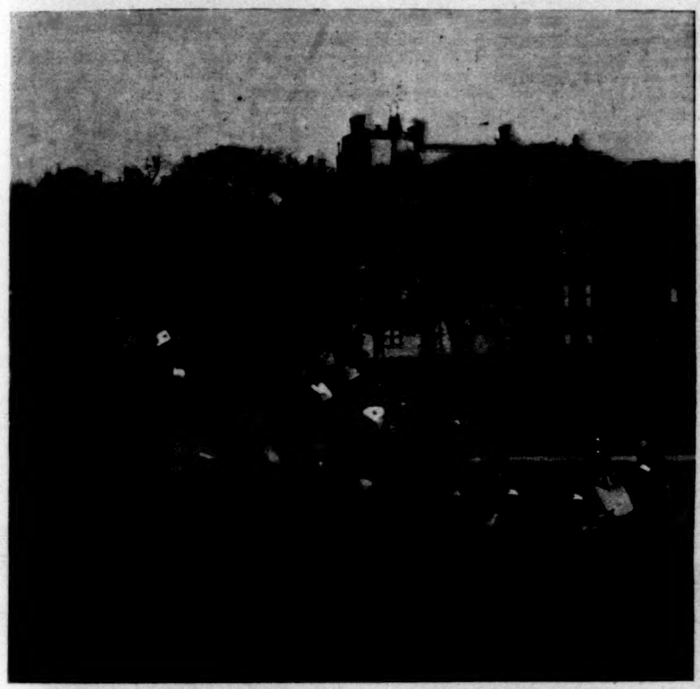
THE WATER-SUPPLY OF SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 990.]

1. Stone Dam on Pilarcitos Creek. 2. Central Portion of Crystal Springs Reservoir, looking North. 3. San Andres Dam, looking South. 4. Crystal Springs Dam and Reservoir, looking North. 5. Pilarcitos Dam. 6. Crystal Springs Dam. 7. Pilarcitos Reservoir, looking Northwest. 8. Lower Lake, Pilarcitos Creek.

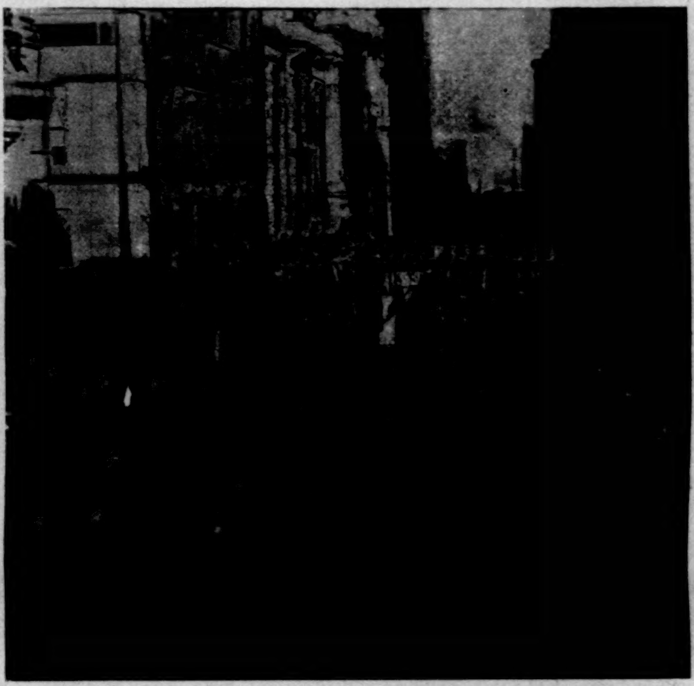
MORTAR PRACTICE IN THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.—[SEE PAGE 999.]



THE LONG SERVICE MEDAL, NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.—[SEE PAGE 991.]



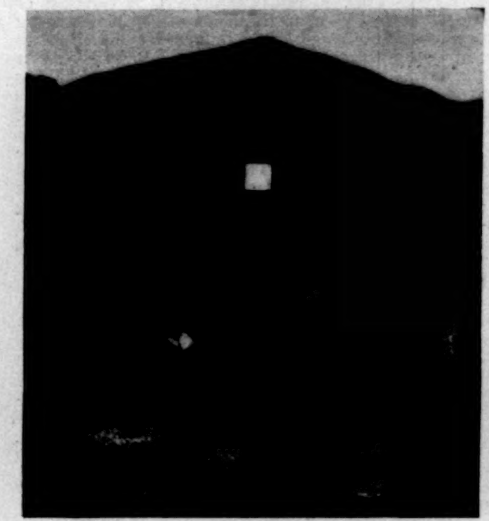
AMBULANCE CORPS—DRILL ON BOSTON COMMON.



SHARPSHOOTERS ON STATE STREET, BOSTON.

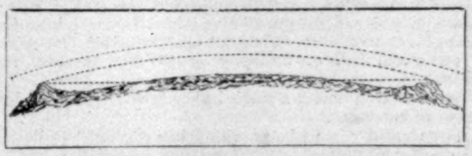
THE MOBILIZATION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.—[SEE PAGE 990.]

MOUNT UNCOMPAHGRE, COLORADO.
Elevation, 14,418 Feet.

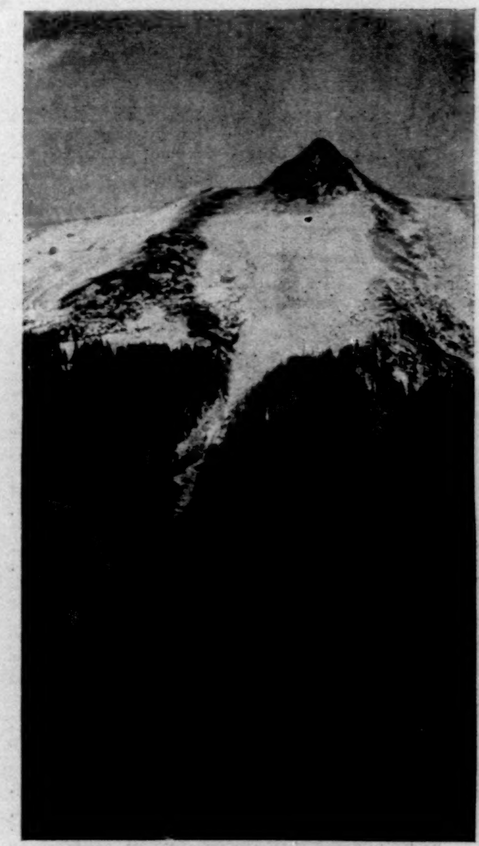


Captain W. A. Glassford. Sergeant J. B. McLaughlin. Sergeant J. McGlone.

THE HELIOGRAPH PARTY.
Members of the Signal Corps, United States Army, who sent the Message from Mount Uncompahgre to Mount Ellen, a distance of 183 Miles, September 17, 1894.



EXAGGERATED PROFILE OF THE COUNTRY,
Showing the two Peaks actually hidden from each other by the Curvature of the Earth's Surface.



MOUNT ELLEN, UTAH.
Elevation, 11,410 Feet.

FLASHING A MESSAGE 183 MILES FROM COLORADO TO UTAH.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

(*Continued from first page.*)

up and down the beach before you go; shall we? It looks so divine out there."

He was startled and intoxicated by the proposal.

"Won't you come too, Olive? It's nearly ten o'clock. We must be sending them home to their farm, or Primitiva's father will bar the door. Already we have a reputation for witchcraft because our house shines afar at eleven o'clock, a beacon of evil to all the neighboring hamlets. In London we should just be preparing to go out."

"I'm tired, Nor. You can have a turn if you like. You go too, Mr. Herbert."

Herbert hesitated. "No; it wouldn't be fair to leave you alone."

"Does company prevent one being alone?"

"I've got to have a turn in a moment, anyhow," said Herbert, weakly. "A *return*, alas!"

"We'll leave them to fight it out." And Mrs. Wyndwood laid her hand a moment on Matthew's shoulder, thrilling him to the core.

They went out under the stars. She had taken only a light fleecy wrap, beneath which the white shoulders were half defined, half divined. They went across the lawn and through the gate, and crunching lightly over the little pebbles, walked towards where the surf bubbled white in the grayness. All was very still save for the eternal monotone of the sea. There were a few yellow glimmers from the villages on the cliffs. Far to the east a light-house sent watery rays across the night. They stood without speaking in a religious ecstasy.

At last the delicious silence was broken by her more delicious voice.

"I am so glad you came," she said, simply.

His breast swelled painfully. "You are very good to me."

"Oh, I mean your cousin will have company."

"Is that all?" he said, audaciously.

"And then—he likes to be with Miss Regan."

"Is that all?"

She smiled. "You are too ambiguous. The plain truth is that your cousin prefers to talk to Miss Regan alone, and I don't care about appearing a marplot. You know the proverb."

He was never subtle. Harassed as he had been by his own affairs, Herbert's admiration of Olive had never struck him as a serious passion. He conceived his cousin as a philandering person, a man of many flirtations. But now that the suggestion of intentions came from Eleanor's lips, it seemed to throw a flood of light on everything, even on Herbert's remark about forbidden fruit. For once Herbert was veritably in love. In his relief at the butterfly's choice of a definite flower he forgot to resent Mrs. Wyndwood's reason for giving him her company.

"Are you sure it isn't you he admires?" he asked, merely for the pleasure of hearing her denial.

"Oh no. I'm an old, staid, prosaic, mature widow. My romance is over," she sighed.

She never looked more spiritual than thus in the moonlight. But he could never bring himself to the conventional compliments. He asked, simply,

"And what about Miss Regan?"

"Ah, I should not tell you if I knew, and I don't know. I don't profess to understand Miss Regan. I never knew any one so easy to live with and so difficult to understand. And as she doesn't understand herself, I don't feel humiliated. Of course she has always had men at her feet, and she has refused one of the most brilliant *partis* in the kingdom. I was afraid she hated men, and I'm still uncertain. If she ever does marry, I think it will be to spite her relatives, to make them lament she has thrown herself away. Did I tell you that she quarrelled with them all, and came to live with me?"

"Yes, you told me. And you were unhappy then?"

She passed her hand across her eyes, but did not speak.

"You are not unhappy now?"

She smiled. "Are you fishing for compliments?"

"Indeed not. Only I am so sorry for you." His voice trembled.

"Let us walk along," she said.

He obeyed. "You are not angry with me for being sorry?" he faltered.

"No; sympathy is always sweet. Though I do not deserve it—some people will tell you."

"What people?" he asked, fiercely.

"Olive's people. They all say I saddened my husband's last hours. He was brought home dead from the hunting-field, you know. He had been— But no; *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

"Tell me," he said, softly.

She began to speak, then broke off. "No, why should I tell you?" she said, gently.

"Because—because I want to be your friend."

Her bosom heaved. She caught her breath. "It was a vile sporting-house. They used to have champagne before breakfast in the bedrooms." She shuddered. "He left me with an oath on his lips."

Matthew Strang was at boiling-point. He ground the pebbles furiously under his foot. Oh, the infamy of society! That this lily should have been handled roughly! It was sacrilege. And yet, in some subtle way he felt her more human than before. She, too, painful as it was to realize it, had known the mire of life—she, too, this delicate flower of womanhood, though it had left her unsullied, ethereal still. Then she would understand what he had gone through; she would know now how coarse and unlovely life could be. He felt strangely nearer to her heart at this moment; some icy partition had melted away.

She ceased walking, and put both hands over her face. The fleecy wrap quivered on her shoulders. He waited in silent reverence.

"Perhaps I *was* inconsiderate," she said at last, lifting her face dimmed with tears; "not forbearing enough."

"You angel!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"You'll hear another story from his people. All—except Olive. They will tell you that—that I am a"—she smiled wistfully—"a flirt."

He had no words hot enough. He kicked a stone savagely. "The vile slanderers!" he cried. "They're all tarred with the same brush. You're lucky to be done with them."

"There was young Gerard Brode staying in the house, a mere boy up from Oxford, and bubbling over with socialism. I was interested in his theories, and we had long talks, and I tried to inoculate Douglas—that was my poor husband—but he met me with coarse ribaldry, and said he wasn't going to divide his wife with any man, least of all a whippersnapper like Gerard Brode, and things like that, and that was the beginning of our dissensions."

"Poor Mrs. Wyndwood!" he said, and felt it a sweet privilege to pity her. "And so you spent your fortune on the movement."

She smiled sadly. "Scarcely my fortune. Poor Douglas never lived to inherit, and I wasn't born with a gold spoon in my mouth, though it had a crest on it. But who has been telling you about my indiscretions?" She did not wait for an answer, adding, "But, there, you know all about me now," and her pathetic smile had a dazzling *camaraderie*, though it flickered away as she wound up meditatively: "I wonder why I told you? Shall we go in?"

"Not yet," he pleaded, hastily. "Oh, if you knew how proud I am of your confidences! That they should be made to me—to me! Oh, if you knew what my life has been!" He felt choking.

"You terrify me," she returned, lightly. "Nothing very abandoned, I warrant."

"I am nothing—nobody." He struggled with his voice. "I have slept in the streets. I have consorted with the vilest."

"All the more honor to you that you are fine."

"Oh, if I had met you before! You would have inspired me, uplifted me."

"No higher than you are."

"Ah, you don't understand. I have been so poor—"

"Poverty is not a crime."

"I have been in prison."

"You were innocent." Her face shone.

"It was only for debt. I was the victim of a bankruptcy, and I have paid it all off since. But the stain remains."

"On the laws that put you there."

He gulped down the great lump that made his throat dry and painful. "I was born in a poor Nova-Scotian village. No one cared for Art."

She stooped down and plucked up a sea-pink. "See how sturdily it grows among the stones!"

Now all the pent-up self-pity of the long solitary years burst forth in a great torrent, breaking through the proud passionate reserve that no living being had ever penetrated; his soul melted, yielding up its secrets in a strange blend of pride, self-depreciation, and yearning for a woman's sympathy.

"I have carried the hod; I have climbed the mast."

"You climbed nearer heaven."

"Ah, but I swabbed the deck."

"You touched life at first hand. I have never envied you so much as now. We never get near its secret, we idle rich."

"You glorify my past for me. I see it now as a divine education. I have been living for false ideals. Oh, if you could glorify my future!"

"I should be proud to inspire it!" The flash in her eyes passed to his.

"If I could see you every day—if I could tell you my hopes, my dreams. But what am I asking? It is impossible. You are the Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood, and I—"

"A genius, a Master! Towering over a humble slave!"

Her eyes, swimming in tears, but shining still, like stars through rain, sought his in humble adoration. Never had he pictured such a look from her. He shook, divining undreamed-of possibilities. For a moment he forgot everything. He caught her hot hand and held it to his lips. In that frenzy of divine fever, half fire, half tears, he felt again that love rationalized life. An infinity of thought and emotion was concentrated in the instant: his long sordid struggles, his craving for happiness, the infinite yearning with which as a boy in a lonely forest he had looked up at the stars. This was the secret of his yearning, this the flash that illumined life. And underlying and intertangled with everything an astonishment at the vast sweep of life, the possibilities it held. Last night, Rosina and Camden Town. To-night, Eleanor and the sea and the stars.

She drew her hand away gently, though there was no rebuke in the withdrawal, murmuring, "We must be going in," and straightway the image of Rosina arose sinister and vindictive, her voice, raucous and strained to a ghastly jocosity, crying, "Kisses, they're off!" And then as he moved silently towards the house, thrilling with the memory of her hand and her look, prisoned sobs still fluttering at his throat, he had a sudden paradoxical intuition that if he spoke of his wife, as he had been on the point of doing, something would go out of the magic of these touches and glances, all spiritual though they were. The figure of Rosina—sinister and vindictive—would stand between their souls, troubling their most transcendental moments. Was not a man's wife the natural recipient of his confidences, the nurse of his art? And then, if Eleanor knew that he had been ashamed of his wife, that he had always passed as a bachelor, would she not deem him contemptible? The fine ethical sense that had refused to despise him for his mental degradation, would it not certainly scorn him for moral weaknesses? A great temptation whelmed him not to imperil by indiscreet speech the footing he had won. But his soul had been moved to its depths. To be false—and with her!

"I have not told you all, Mrs. Wyndwood."

"You can tell me nothing nobler."

That was like an icy wind. He walked on storm-tossed. They came to a jutting crag, skirted it, and the house rose radiant in the hollow of the cliff. He had an aching vision of their living there together, she and he, with all the dear domesticities of wedded union. His fancy feigned them re-entering now their joint domain. The pretence left his heart sick and empty. They walked across the lawn.

"You would not call me noble," he said, coming to an abrupt standstill, "if you knew that I—"

He flinched under the sceptical confident smile she threw over her shoulder.

"—that I am married."

The half-mocking smile faded from the beautiful face, and with it the color. She turned her head again towards the house, but she was not moving forwards.

He was glad he had not to meet her eyes. The sea broke solemnly with a fused roar of irregular waves, and he wondered why the sound was so continuous. A cricket's chirp in the cliff bushes seemed to him extraordinarily loud. He breathed in the salt air, and looked up at the stars. Were the tears, indeed, wiped from all eyes in those shining islands, he thought, or were they only dead black worlds? Or were they alive and full of unhappy people like the star he stood on?

She spoke at last, with a catch in her breath and a strained smile in her voice.

"Why should that make me think less of you?"

He caught only the celestial reassurance of her reply. How fine, how sympathetic she was! But he hastened to immolate himself. Her unexpected question had thrown him off the track; he forgot that his concealment of his marriage was the only circumstance for which he had foreseen the world's blame, and he answered, desperately,

"Because I married for money."

"For money," she repeated, in a toneless voice.

He was cold and sick with shame. Despite her experience of the coarser side of life, such a contingency was, he felt, quite beyond her comprehension. That money played no part in his consciousness he would have divined, even if her friend had not informed him of the fact in their first talk. An impulse had driven him to humble himself; a counter-instinct now spurred him to raise himself.

"It was to pursue my art career," he said, deprecatingly. Even now he could not speak of the younger children he had had to support.

She turned her head again, and the smile was struggling back, and her voice had an echo of the old enthusiastic ring.

"Then you married for art!"

"Ah, do not comfort me! My God, how I am punished!"

She veered round now. Her tones were low and trembling with compassion. "Is she a bad woman?"

"She is worse! She is a good woman. All her thoughts are on the household, and it is unbearable. Never a thought of anything but the kitchen and cabbages."

"Poor woman!" she said.

The prisoned sobs could hardly be checked back now. "The world does not know. I have been ashamed of her. Now you see how low I am, you cannot respect me."

Her voice was almost a whisper. "I respect you the more. You have had a hard life."

"Oh, have I not?" and the sobs escaped at last.

"Compose yourself. We must go in."

"You will be my friend all the same?"

"Yes, I will be your friend. Your confidences are safe in my keeping. There is my hand."

He took it again and held it fast, feeling its warm response. "You make me so happy. Life will not be empty now."

He struggled with the lump in his throat.

"With your friendship, what can I not achieve? You shall tell me what I am to strive for."

"It is too great a responsibility. It was all very well to criticise. I sha'n't know what to say."

"You need say nothing. I shall look into your eyes and read it there."

He looked into them now, and they were not lowered. They were full of sympathetic sweetness, glistening behind tears.

"I am afraid they are rather red," she said, with a melancholy smile. "If I am not careful, they may betray your confidences."

She moved forwards in the direction of the water, and he, turning on his heel, followed her, wondering. By a salt pool near the rim of the billows she bent down and bathed her face. To see her half kneeling in the moonlight affected him like reading poetry; and as she washed off the traces of the tears he had made her shed, it seemed to him as if their spiritual friendship were being consecrated by some mystic baptism.

They went in. Olive had not moved from her indolent attitude in the grandfather's chair. Herbert was standing at the window curtain.

"I'm so glad you've come in," she said, yawning. "Mr. Herbert has been sulking at having been left, and I have been snapping his head off for not leaving me to myself."

"Yes, Miss Regan speaks the truth for once," said Herbert, audaciously.

"Oh, I am glad Primitiva is not here to have her ideal shattered! Good-night—before you get ruder."

"Good-night," he responded—"before you get truthfuler."

"Take care of him to-night, Mr. Matthew. He is irresponsible. Don't go by the cliff route."

"Not I. Good-night, Miss Regan. Good-night, Mrs. Wyndwood." And that dear secret pressure thrilled his palm again.

In a few moments the two cousins were marching with measured step along the winding road. Herbert had lit a cigar, but Matthew was busy enough chewing the cud of his memories.

"Olive was rather strange to-night," said Herbert, breaking the silence of the cliff-tops.

"Not more than usual, surely," answered Matthew.

"That's your conventionality and your ignorance of women. I never found her strange except to-night with her nonsense about the pain of the world."

"She's talked to me like that before several times. She thinks people with souls can't be happy. I suppose it's Mrs. Wyndwood's influence over her natural flippancy."

"Ah, perhaps so. But why so formal, Matt? You have my permission to call her Eleanor."

"Thank you," said Matthew, with a forced smile.

"I hope you enjoyed your *tête-à-tête* more than I did. Not that there isn't a certain fascination in sparring. But perhaps you fought too."

He returned a staccato "No." After a pause in which their feet strode automatically, he said, "I told her I was married."

Herbert gave a long whistle. "The devil you did! And you don't call that fighting? What a knock-down blow!"

"What do you mean?" Matthew murmured.

"D' you mean to say you don't know the woman is in love with you?"

His blood made delicious riot in his veins. He saw that strange look of worship in her eyes again. "Nonsense!" he jerked, thickly. "The Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood in love with me!"

"I didn't say the Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood. I said the woman. Trust me. Behind all the titles and the purple and the fine linen—there's flesh and blood."

"It is impossible. In love with *me!*"

"You may well be astonished, you duffer. To fix her affections on you with me in the neighborhood! But women were always strange. And men were deceivers ever."

"All the more reason I shouldn't deceive her. How glad I am I told her the truth! I breathe easier; there's a weight off my mind."

"You selfish beggar! And now it's all over between you, I suppose, and our nice little constitutional quartet is broken up. And I thought it was going to be so jolly when you came down. Heigho!"

"Don't be afraid," said Matthew, with a touch of bitterness. "Eleanor—Mrs. Wyndwood—and I are going to be better friends than ever, thank God!"

"Thank whom? Don't be blasphemous."

"Thank God," repeated Matthew, firmly.

"Oh, well, you were always a Methodist parson. But if I were a Jew I wouldn't say grace over pork. Not a bad epigram that. I must get it into my comedy."

Matthew shuddered. Herbert's tone was desecrating. "You don't understand," he said.

"Don't plume yourself on your superior intelligence, old man. Mine's quite equal to the study of Plato. It isn't such Greek to me as you imagine."

"Well, whatever you think, you are quite wrong," he replied, with spirit. "Our friendship is on a higher plane. It is based on our common interest in Art—and Mrs. Wyndwood's not the sort of woman you've had experience of."

"Well, that's cool! How do you know what sort of women I've had experience of? Besides, a woman is a woman. The world—our world, that is—is full of Greek scholars who study Plato. Strictly under the rose. Society is only an organized wink."

"I should put that into the comedy," sneered Matthew.

"It's a quotation from it," laughed Herbert. "Had you there, my boy."

It nearly came to a quarrel. But Herbert good-naturedly said he must save Matthew from himself, and he fervently hoped his cousin would not confide in any more women.

"You can't syndicate a secret," he said, sternly.

At the house they had left things were equally disturbed. Mrs. Wyndwood retired at once to bed, throwing herself upon it in her clothes; and her delicate white shoulders, which, like her emotions, had no need to be covered up now, rose and fell spasmodically. After a while she rose, bathed her eyes again, in fresh water this time, and went into Olive's room. Miss Regan was brushing her dusky tresses savagely. She had sent her maid to bed.

"Nice hours!" she growled.

"You'll catch cold, dear," Eleanor replied, gently, for a window was wide open at the bottom.

"Nonsense, Nor," said Olive, petulantly. "I should like to sleep on the beach."

"What, in this costume?"

"One bathes in less. Still, while you're here—"

She closed the window with a bang.

"Olive! You make my heart jump."

"Really? I'm not a man."

Mrs. Wyndwood colored painfully, then looked at her with brimming eyes of reproach. "And this is my reward for leaving you *tête-à-tête.*"

"Leaving me *tête-à-tête!* I thought that was a by-product."

Mrs. Wyndwood controlled her vexation. "I said just now I had never known any one so easy to live with. Don't make me change my opinion, dear."

"So you've been discussing me with Matthew! And what right have you to discuss me with anybody? Oh, how hateful everybody is! I know what it is. You'd like to see me brought down to your level."

"Good-night, Miss Regan. You will apologize in the morning."

"Don't glare. The level of womanhood, if you like. You've loved a man."

Eleanor's face flushed. "That is the height of womanhood, Olive."

"Oh yes—fine phrases! The height of womanhood!" She drew a comb fiercely through her hair. "To hang on a man's lips, to feel a foolish sense of blankness when he isn't there, and a great wave of joyful pain when he heaves in sight again. To kiss his every little note. To think of him and your trivial self as the centre of the universe, and to want the planets to spin for your joint happiness—oh!" She pulled the comb viciously through a knot.

"You describe it very accurately, Olive," said her friend, maliciously.

"I'm quoting the novels. This passion that they crack up so much seems nothing more than selfishness at compound interest."

"Selfishness! When you yourself say it makes you yearn for the other person's happiness."

"So that it may subserve yours."

"You are a cynic."

"What is a cynic? An accurate observer of life. Oh, you needn't smile. I know I'm quoting, but one can't put quotation marks into one's conversation. You can't face the facts of life, Nor. You like dull people without insight."

"I like you."

"That's too cheap. You like socialists and spiritualists and poets and painters—the whole spawn of idealists! Bah! They ought to have a month's experience of a hospital."

"The world isn't a hospital ward. The people I like have the truer insight."

"What insight has your Mr. Matthew Strang?"

"He is as much yours as mine."

"Don't shuffle out of the question."

"His insight expresses itself through his work. He doesn't talk."

"Is that a hit at his cousin? If so, it falls remarkably flat, considering Herbert Strang paints as well as talks."

"Olive, why will you put words into my mouth? You know how much I admire Herbert Strang."

"Ah, then you have more insight than I gave you credit for. You may even understand that a cynic is only a disappointed idealist—a saint *plus* insight. His soul is a palace of truth, society and its shams come to the test, yield up their implicit falseness, and are scornfully rejected. The stroke of wit is made with the sword of judgment. Its shaft is the lightning of righteous indignation."

Mrs. Wyndwood felt this might pass well enough for an analysis of Olive's own cynicism, but she had her doubts as to its applicability to the case of Herbert. Her less biassed judgment told her that cynicism had more than one root, and that Herbert, gifted and agreeable though he was, could scarcely be effervescing with the same spiritual emotions as Olive, any more than he could be sharing the psychical growing pains her riper vision thought to distinguish in her turbulent friend. But all she said was, "Is that Emerson?"

"No; it's me. Now go to bed and sleep on that."

"I shan't. I couldn't sleep on anything so hard. Dear me! What a lot of hair-pins you have! What nice ones! I must borrow some."

"Take them all and go."

"Not yet."

"I shall blow out the candles."

"I love talking in the dark. I'm pining for feminine conversation to soothe my overwrought nerves. How pretty that lace edging is!" She touched her friend's shoulder cajolingly. "What exquisite things you have! Everything, from hair-pins to carving-knives, perfect after its kind, like the animals that went into the ark. It will be difficult to give you a wedding-present."

Olive laughed despite herself. "The only wedding-present a woman wants is her husband."

"You've had plenty of those presents offered you, dear."

Olive shuddered violently. "Imagine existence with a Guardsman, or, worse, with that doddering young duke. Dulness without idealism. Your Matthew Strang is endurable. He has at least the family idealism, the Strang goodness, though he carries it so much more heavily than his cousin. But a lifetime with a dull man, who wouldn't understand a joke, who would smile and smile and be a hypocrite! Oh, ye gods! I should shriek in a year. I should be in a lunatic asylum, or the divorce court. Oh, why, why do you women who have been through the mill egg us girls on? Is it the same instinct that makes an ex-fag send his boy to Eton? Or do you think it improves our health? I know you think me hysterical."

Mrs. Wyndwood flushed. "Your tongue runs away with you, Olive. You'd do better to say your prayers. I'll leave you to them."

Olive laughed hilariously. "Aha! I thought that would get you to go. You always will forget that I've been in a hospital. Say my prayers, eh? Let me see. What shall I say? The one I used to say in the hospital. 'O Lord, I beseech Thee let not this be counted unto me for righteousness, for Thou knowest, O Lord, that I can't help it.' But that's not applicable now. Suppose I just say what's in my heart, as the theologians recommend." She went down on her knees, and said, solemnly: "O Lord, don't You think You are sometimes a little hard upon us? Don't You think we are born into a very confusing world? It would be so easy to do Thy will, to make our will Thy will, if we only knew what it was. Don't You think that half our life that might be devoted to Thy service is wasted because of the mist through which we grope, bearing the offering of our life in quest of some divine altar, and blurring the road more thickly with our tears?" She sprang up. "How's that for an addition to the liturgy, Nor?"

"I am disgusted," said Mrs. Wyndwood, sternly. "Both blasphemous and ungrammatical."

Olive threw herself back on the bed, laughing unrestrainedly. "You delightful, stupid old thing. Ha! ha! ha! Blasphemous and ungrammatical. You dissenting Hebraist. Ha! ha! ha! No; you sha'n't escape. You must abide the question; tell me, O friend of my soul, why do women who have been unhappily married want to see other women victimized equally, like people who have been fooled in a penny show and come out laughing to beguile the other people?"

"That's not a fair analogy," said Eleanor, more gently.

Olive looked up archly, her arms under her head. "No; perhaps not in your case. I dare say you're quite capable of marrying again yourself. The triumph of hope over experience. Quotation marks, please! You're looking awfully handsome, Nor; and that saucy tilt of your nose spoils you for a saint. It's like a blunt pencil speaking as an ex-sculptress." She sprang up, remorsefully. "Oh, I'm a beast. I apologize to your nose. I forgot the tip was a sore point."

Mrs. Wyndwood drew back in sorrowful hauteur. "I shall never marry again, Olive," she said, solemnly. There was an undertone of self-pity, and her eyes were moist. She turned hastily, and walked from the room with a firm, stately step.

Olive watched the sweep of the gown till it reached the door. Then she gave chase and renewed her apologies for her provoking behavior, and let Eleanor sob out sweet reconciliation on her shoulder.

After which she opened the window, sat on the side of the bed, and screwed up her ripe red lips to produce a perplexed whistle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE IDYL CONCLUDES.

THEY fleeted the days delightfully as men did in the golden world. They rode together on the rolling moors, they drove through the Devonshire lanes, they strolled through combe and copse, they climbed the Tors, they fished the Leys, they swam in the sea, and when it was cloudy and cold, and the wind wailed about the house like a woman in pain, they listened to the comedy which Herbert wrote in those dreary days when the ladies drove to distant houses for lunch or tennis or croquet. For they had not quite hidden their retreat or detached themselves from their kind.

"There's always scandal within a four-mile radius," as Miss Regan put it. "Is there on earth a greater piece of philanthropy than to give your neighbors food for gossip? Man cannot live by bread alone." Matthew asked her in concern if his and Herbert's visits were causing any talk.

"My dear Mr. Matthew," she replied, scornfully, "even an actress cannot escape scandal, especially if she goes into society. And truly society is so corrupt, I have often wondered that actresses' mothers allow them to go into it!"

During one of these absences of the feminine element, when Herbert went over to the house to put the last touches to the painted costume, grumbling at the boredom of such finicking work, Matthew gladly relieved him of the brush and worked up the whole portrait, while Herbert lay smoking and thinking out the comedy.

Partly out of bravado, partly to enjoy the series of lovely views of dark green sea and broken crags and nestling villages, the cousins invariably arrived by the cliff path, seeing the blackberries get riper every day. Sometimes they found the ladies sitting reading on the top of the cliff, which was furzy, with a road-side border of hemlock and dandelions and blue orchids, amid which their dainty parasols showed from afar like gigantic tropical flowers. Then while Matthew drowsed in the light of the sun and of Eleanor, inhaling the odors of bracken and thyme, lazily watching the white surf break far below, the brown trawlers glide across the horizon, the swallows swarm on the beach, and the wild-ducks over the sea, Herbert and Olive would rattle away by the hour, often in verbal duels. Matthew Strang thought he had never tasted such pure intellectual joy. Art was often on the tapis; they classified the skies—to-day a Constable, and yesterday a Turner, and to-morrow a Corot. Herbert expounded glibly to the rapt Eleanor the Continental ideas. He descanted on Manet and Monet, and their method of representing sunlight by making the shades as bright as in nature, out of relation to the modified intensity of painted sunlight, thus securing a truer impression than by sticking to "values." Nature lay all around them like a model to illustrate these theories, and Eleanor discovered all sorts of shadows and subtle effects she had never noticed before, all with the naïve joy of a child lighting on pretty treasures. She cried out that art taught people to see nature. Matthew would sometimes put in a word when appealed to by her, but never when the subject was music, concerning which he was as ignorant as the rest of the party were learned. Once Herbert maintained that the musician was better off than the painter because his work remained, while pictures perished. "Even Mona Lisa's smile will fade," he said. "The artist lingers a little longer on the stage than the actor. Pictures are but paltry things at the best, and few artists have brains or any large outlook upon life. They're a petty, quarrelsome clan." Matthew did not deny it. Olive cited sculpture as a more durable art than the musician's, which only lived when performed. Mrs. Wyndwood was convinced that the joy of art must be to the artist; she said she was fast acquiring a keen interest in the subjective side of art, and feeling a growing desire to be an artist herself. Olive playfully suggested an expedition to the Latin Quarter; Mrs. Wyndwood accepted it seriously and eagerly; she returned to the idea again and again, both in public and in private. Why should they not go to Paris for the winter, and Olive take up sculpture again, and initiate her into the divine mysteries? To judge by the Strangs, artists must be delightful creatures to live among, and sculpture seemed easier and simpler than painting. Olive continued to play with the project. Herbert sneered at the idea of Miss Regan's return to stone-breaking. Literature was, after all, the only art, he said. It contained everything—music of words, painting of scenery, passion of drama. He almost converted Mrs. Wyndwood. She quoted ecstatically—"*L'univers est fait pour aboutir à un beau livre.*" But a word from Matthew restored the balance.

They talked of life, too, of fate, free will, and knowledge absolute, like Milton's archangels. Herbert, as Lucifer, steadfastly took the lowest views of human nature; now and then Olive's eye, twinkling with fun, met his as if in a secret understanding that Mrs. Wyndwood must be shocked at all hazards. He fought for the doctrine that sin was a human invention. "Let people have their fling. They exaggerate their powers of sinning. They think they can draw on a boundless internal reservoir of wickedness. As a matter of fact, their powers are singularly limited. They have too much original goodness. For my part, alas! I have found few opportunities of sinning."

"And have you never found opportunities for remorse?" Mrs. Wyndwood asked, scathingly.

"Alas! often, I tell you. Remorse for the sins I couldn't do. The remorse of your religious person is too often like the snivelling repentance of the condemned criminal. That murderer felt a truer remorse who was unexpectedly reprieved after indulging in an indigestible breakfast."

Olive laughed heartily. "That must go into the comedy."

It had become their stock phrase. Then remembering her part in the comedy was to score off Herbert, she capped his anecdote of the condemned criminal by another about the politeness of a Frenchman, who, ascending the scaffold, said to his neighbor in the tumbrel, "*Après vous.*"

Eleanor raised the talk to a more elevated plane, insisting on the value of remorse and suffering generally. "I would not recall one of my sufferings," she said, with her simple earnestness. "If I didn't suffer I shouldn't think I had grown." And her eyes instinctively sought Matthew's, and he thought she was reminding him of the educative efficacy of his own sufferings as well, and again Herbert's philosophy jarred.

And whatever she was saying or doing she always fell naturally into some attitude that enchanted his eye by its unaffected grace; always wore an expression whose sweetness and candor melted his soul to worship. Her beauty—to a painter's soul the miracle of miracles—she wore with a royal unconsciousness; he could not understand it. She was so simple, just like a human being. He saw her, not in her society drapings, but in all moods and weathers, and she bore the test. On fishing-days they would draw up the boat in the centre of the nearest Ley, where perch and "rudd" abounded, the former avid of the gentles, the latter only less eager for the paste, but demanding an iota of skill when hooked. Olive would take no hand in this mild sport; she had given up hunting and fishing, she said, when she rose in the ethical scale. Challenged as to her readiness to eat meat and fish, she failed to see the relevancy of the criticism. The reason she wouldn't kill other creatures was not that it gave them pain, but that it gave her pain; to eat them, on the contrary, gave her pleasure. Mrs. Wyndwood, however, though not callous enough to impale her own worms, was persuaded by Matthew to take a rod, and beguiled numbers of perch, and admitted to a thrill of savage joy each time she hauled up a leaping flash of silver. She was glad, though, she said, that the poor little fishes had horny membranes for gills, so that the hook should not hurt them; when it passed through the eye, she trusted that the cornea was insensitive too.

"But how would you feel," Olive once remonstrated, "if, sitting at dinner, just after swallowing a mouthful of mayonnaise, and in the middle of a remark to your neighbor about the Rhine or Botticelli, you were suddenly to find yourself rising towards the ceiling, at the end of a rope fixed by a hook to your upper lip, and arriving slowly but surely, despite your kicking and writhing, into a stratum of air totally devoid of oxygen?"

Herbert Strang thought one would feel like a fish out of water, but Matthew Strang eluded the point by drawing a pike across the track. The bait of a captured roach had fetched the monster, whose struggles interested even Olive, while Eleanor was wrought up to a wild enthusiasm for Matthew's prowess, and regretted that she had always refused to go to see the grouse-shooting.

"I hear they are doing badly this year," Olive observed.

"Oh no, Olive!" cried Mrs. Wyndwood. "Didn't we hear at the Archdeacon's yesterday that they were making excellent bags?"

"I meant the birds," said Olive, dryly.

"Bother the birds! I should love to be a sportsman," cried Eleanor, exultantly landing her eleventh perch. They trooped like children to the dinner-bell. "I can see how fascinating it must be. To actually *feel* the struggle for existence; it brings you back to the primitive. You touch reality; you remember you're an animal."

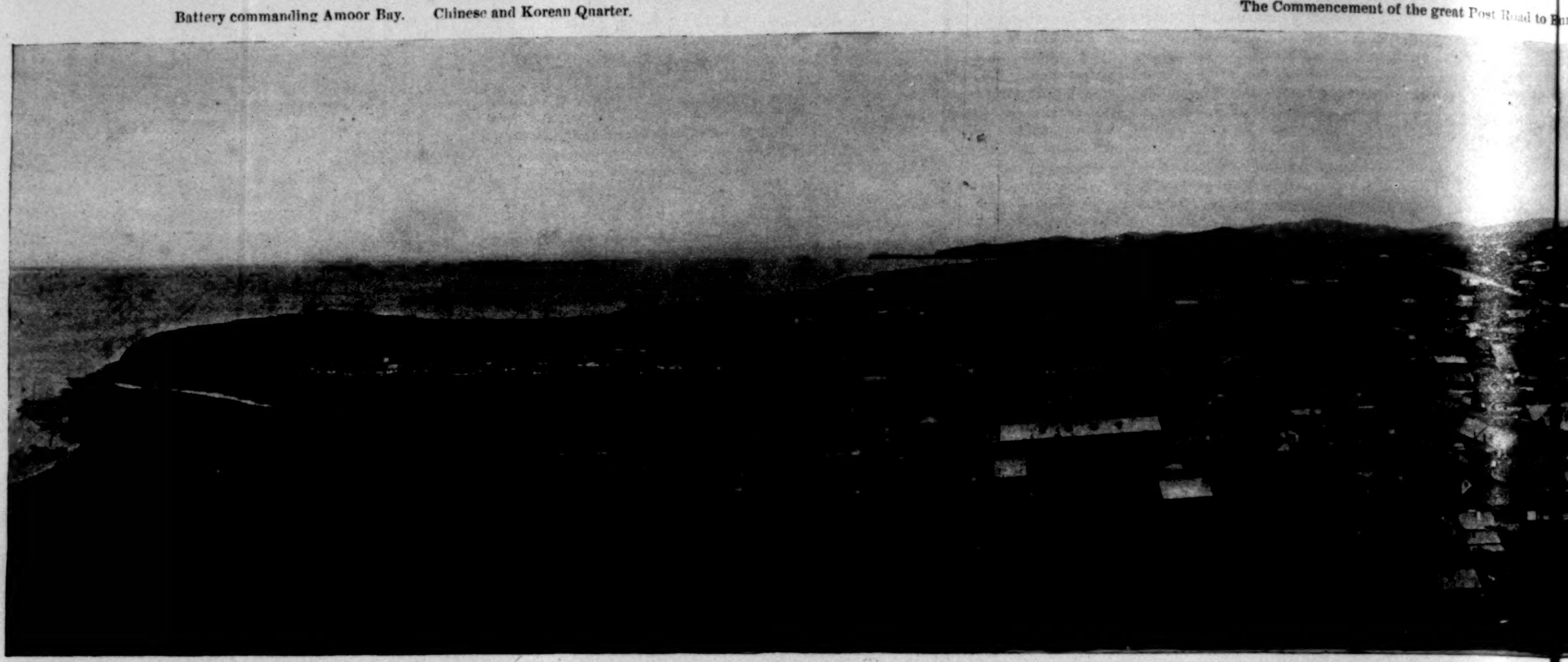
"Lunch always reminds me sufficiently of that," said Olive.

"No," Eleanor argued. "The napery and the flowers come between us and the facts. How glorious it would be to be primitive!"

Herbert, whose skill with the rod was not remarkable, diverged into an account of his stay in a Servian fishing-village which was entirely primitive, "so primitive," he said, laughing, "that the wives do most of the work." He sketched the place with admirable literary touches. "Sheepskin is their only wear," he wound up. "In the winter they wear the wool outside. In the summer they take off their skins and—no, not sit in their bones, as Miss Regan is about to remark, but wear the wool inside."

Matthew was thus led on to narrate juvenile sporting experiences on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and finally his one encounter with a bear in the Cobequid forest, which put the seal on Mrs. Wyndwood's new-born ardor for sport. This tame picking up of perch palled, they must go mackerel-fishing, she insisted. And so Matthew Strang arranged with a fisherman to go out to sea in his boat next day. But the sea ran high, and to the undisguised relief of Herbert,

(*Continued on page 998.*)



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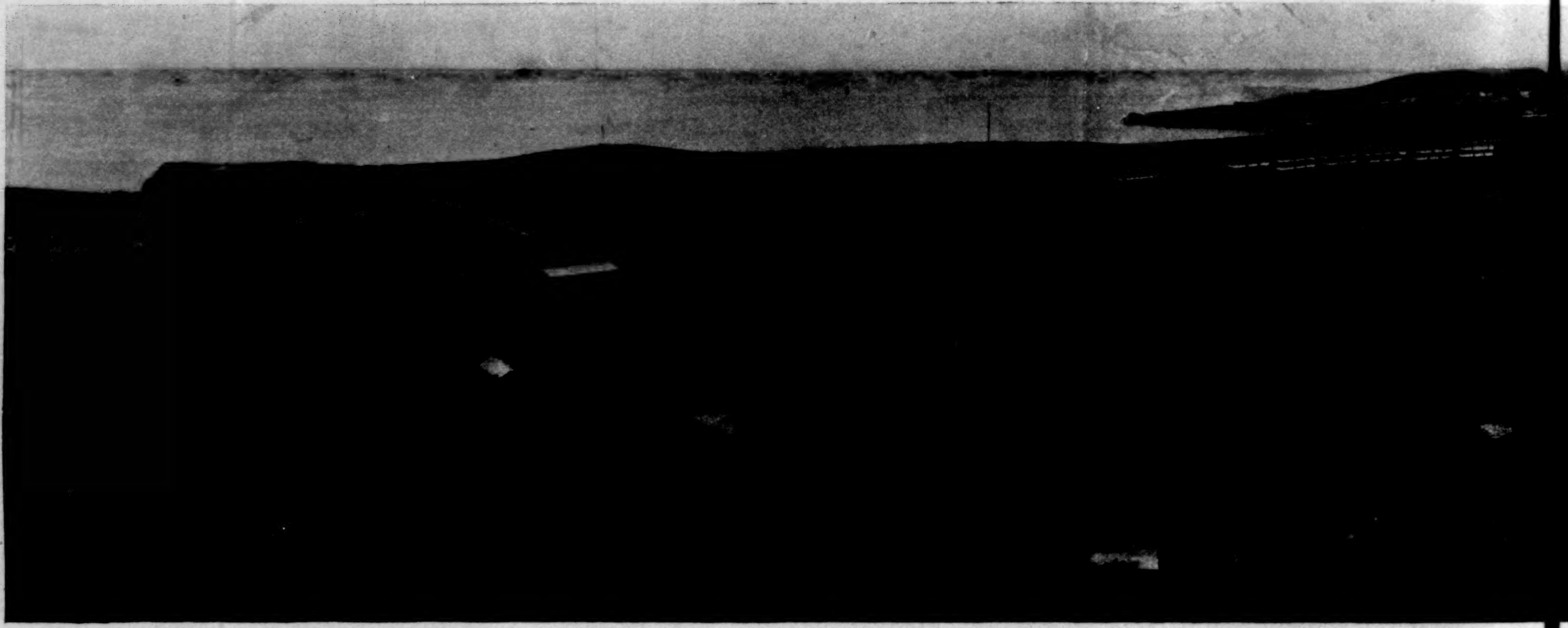

VLADIVOSTO

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

BY ARTHUR H. LEE, CAPTAIN R. A.

AT the present moment the attention of the whole world is riveted on the Far East, and the press is flooded with accounts of sea-fights and land-fights, which as stimulants to the public taste for excitement leave little to be desired, even if historically they have, until recently, ranked with our best efforts in fiction.

Until the present war broke out, the Far East, as represented by China and Japan—for Korea was only dimly suspected of existence—was regarded by a large portion of the community as a kind of wholesale emporium for the supply of curiosities to the artistic public of Europe and America, whilst in commercial circles these countries were further held to justify their existence by producing tea, silk, laundrymen, and paper fans.

The general interest displayed in the war is most natural, and from a military point of view the actual fighting is of especial interest as affording a practical test for the first time of many of the latest systems of training and the most improved modern weapons.

The real ultimate issues of this great struggle are, however, apparently somewhat imperfectly understood by the general public, and perhaps only naturally so, as their attention has only so recently been directed to this distant corner of the globe. The generally accepted idea of the war is that China and Japan are engaged in the sanguinary settlement of an old-standing hereditary feud, with Korea dragged in as the ostensible bone of contention. This is certainly a part of the truth, but very far from being the whole of it.

The position occupied by Korea in Asia is very similar to that occupied by Belgium in Europe, and it is now earning its claim to the title of the "Cockpit of the Far East." If the fate of Belgium in the one case and of Korea in the other were the extent of the issue involved, the world would probably view the result with comparative indifference, but in both cases there are far larger interests looming behind. England and Russia are now appearing on the scene, and the future of Korea is regarded with almost more anxiety by them than by China itself.

Whence this interest of two great European powers in a barren, barbarous, and remote country?

In the first place it is necessary to realize that although the Russian Empire extends across the whole width of Asia, it possesses no port or coaling-station to break the immense stretch of 12,000 or more miles which intervenes between Cronstadt and Vladivostok. This means that Russia cannot send war-ships to her Pacific station without being dependent for coal on the good-will of a foreign power.

This she realized with unpleasant force in 1889, when the *Admiral Nahkimoff*, proceeding to re-enforce the Pacific squadron, was delayed for several weeks at the Cape of Good Hope waiting for coal, which the contractors refused to supply at a less price than £8 a ton. The Russians protested, but were nevertheless compelled to accept these terms or remain unwilling and helpless guests in a British port. In time of war, needless to say, such supplies would not be forth-coming at *any* price, and a fleet of colliers would have to accompany any re-enforcements the Russians might despatch to the Far East.

At one time it was rumored that Russia had obtained from France the concession of the ports of Obok, in Africa, and of Saigon, in Cochin China, but I believe the rumors originated from Russian sources only, and were probably a case of the wish being father to the thought.

Russia is still longing for an intermediate coaling-station, but vainly, and Vladivostok is still her nearest port to Cronstadt. (Under present treaties the Black Sea ports are of course excluded.)

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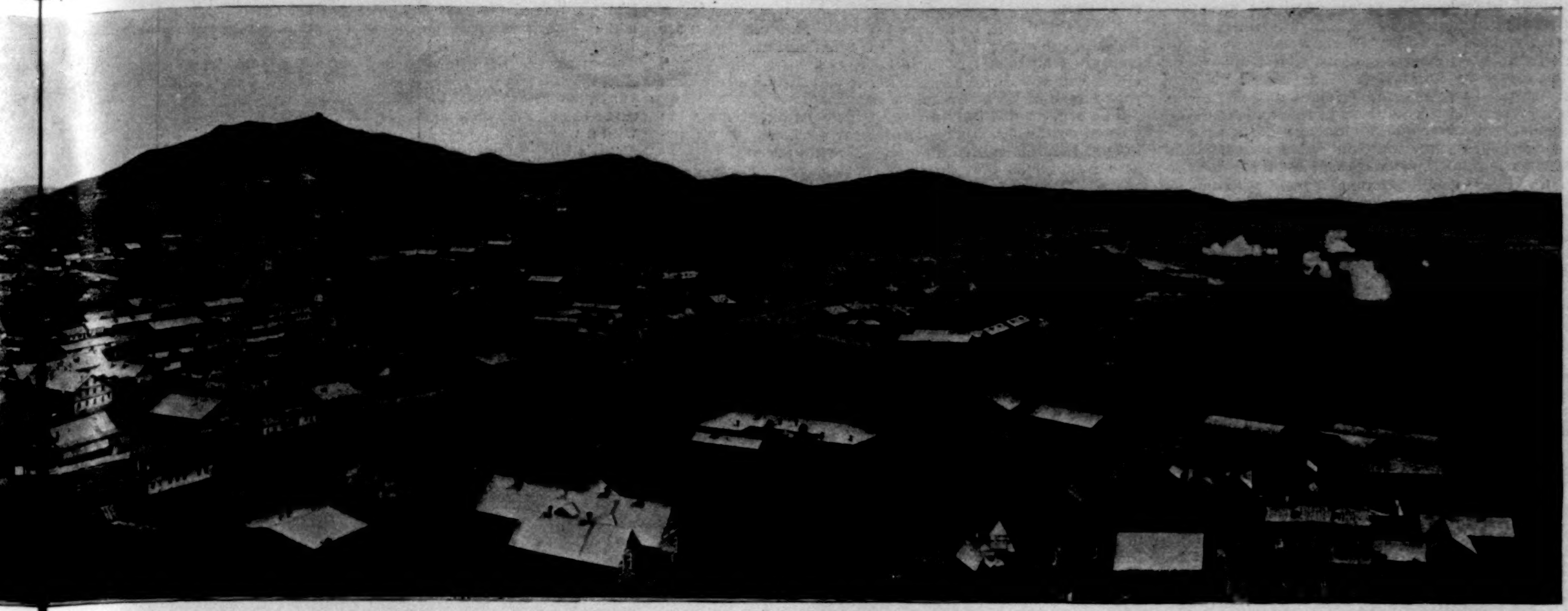
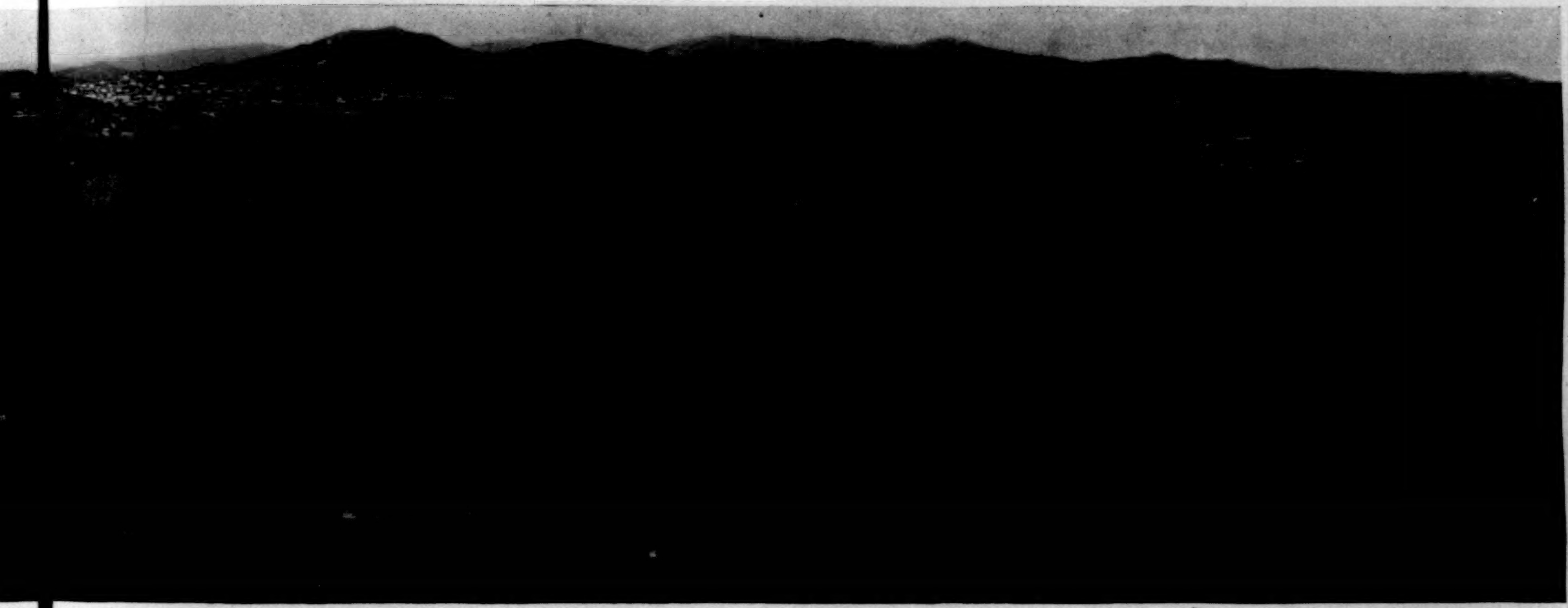


OF VLADIVOSTOK.



AND HARBOR.

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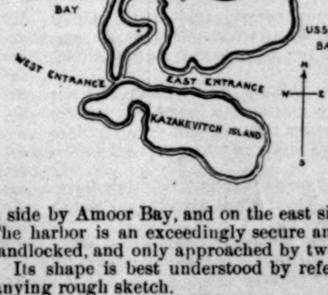

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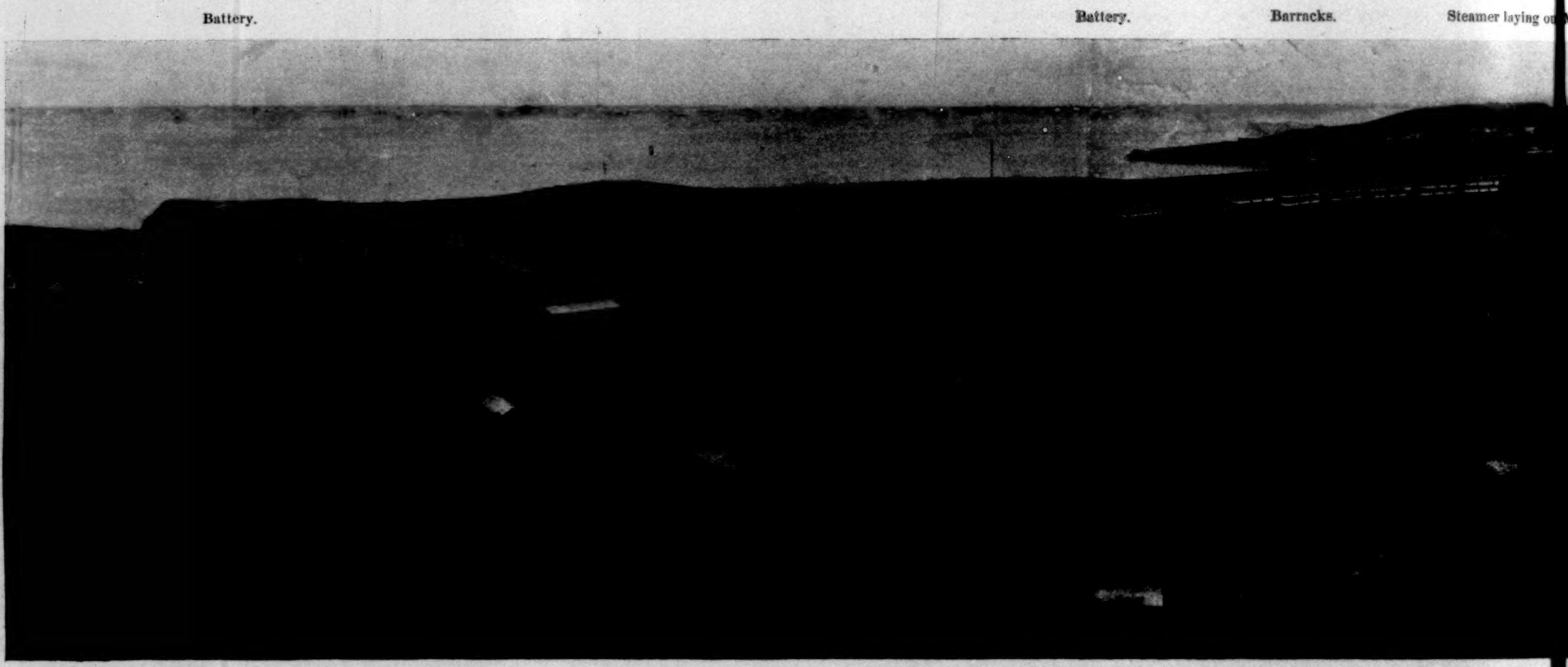
Battery commanding Amoor Bay. Chinese and Korean Quarter. The Commencement of the great Post Road to Europe

VIEW OF VLA

Battery. Battery. Barracks. Steamer laying o



VLADIVOSTO AN

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

BY ARTHUR H. LEE, CAPTAIN R. A.

AT the present moment the attention of the whole world is riveted on the Far East, and the press is flooded with accounts of sea-fights and land-fights, which as stimulants to the public taste for excitement leave little to be desired, even if historically they have, until recently, ranked with our best efforts in fiction.

Until the present war broke out, the Far East, as represented by China and Japan—for Korea was only dimly suspected of existence—was regarded by a large portion of the community as a kind of wholesale emporium for the supply of curiosities to the artistic public of Europe and America, whilst in commercial circles these countries were further held to justify their existence by producing tea, silk, laundrymen, and paper fans.

The general interest displayed in the war is most natural, and from a military point of view the actual fighting is of especial interest as affording a practical test for the first time of many of the latest systems of training and the most improved modern weapons.

The real ultimate issues of this great struggle are, however, apparently somewhat imperfectly understood by the general public, and perhaps only naturally so, as their attention has only so recently been directed to this distant corner of the globe. The generally accepted idea of the war is that China and Japan are engaged in the sanguinary settlement of an old-standing hereditary feud, with Korea dragged in as the ostensible bone of contention. This is certainly a part of the truth, but very far from being the whole of it.

The position occupied by Korea in Asia is very similar to that occupied by Belgium in Europe, and it is now earning its claim to the title of the "Cockpit of the Far East." If the fate of Belgium in the one case and of Korea in the other were the extent of the issue involved, the world would probably view the result with comparative indifference, but in both cases there are far larger interests looming behind. England and Russia are now appearing on the scene, and the future of Korea is regarded with almost more anxiety by them than by China itself.

Whence this interest of two great European powers in a barren, barbarous, and remote country?

In the first place it is necessary to realize that although the Russian Empire extends across the whole width of Asia, it possesses no port or coaling-station to break the immense stretch of 12,000 or more miles which intervenes between Cronstadt and Vladivostok. This means that Russia cannot send war-ships to her Pacific station without being dependent for coal on the good-will of a foreign power.

This she realized with unpleasant force in 1889, when the *Admiral Nahkimoff*, proceeding to re-enforce the Pacific squadron, was delayed for several weeks at the Cape of Good Hope waiting for coal, which the contractors refused to supply at a less price than £8 a ton. The Russians protested, but were nevertheless compelled to accept these terms or remain unwilling and helpless guests in a British port. In time of war, needless to say, such supplies would not be forth-coming at *any* price, and a fleet of colliers would have to accompany any re-enforcements the Russians might despatch to the Far East.

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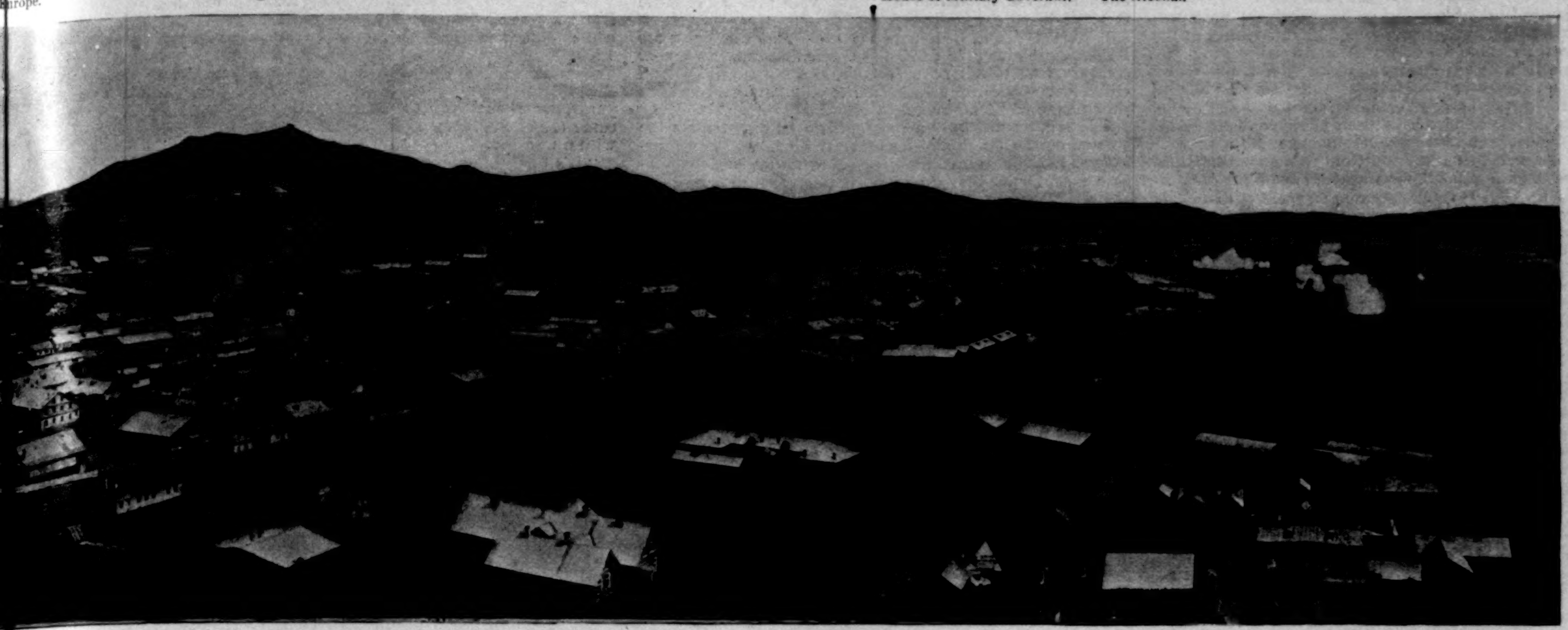
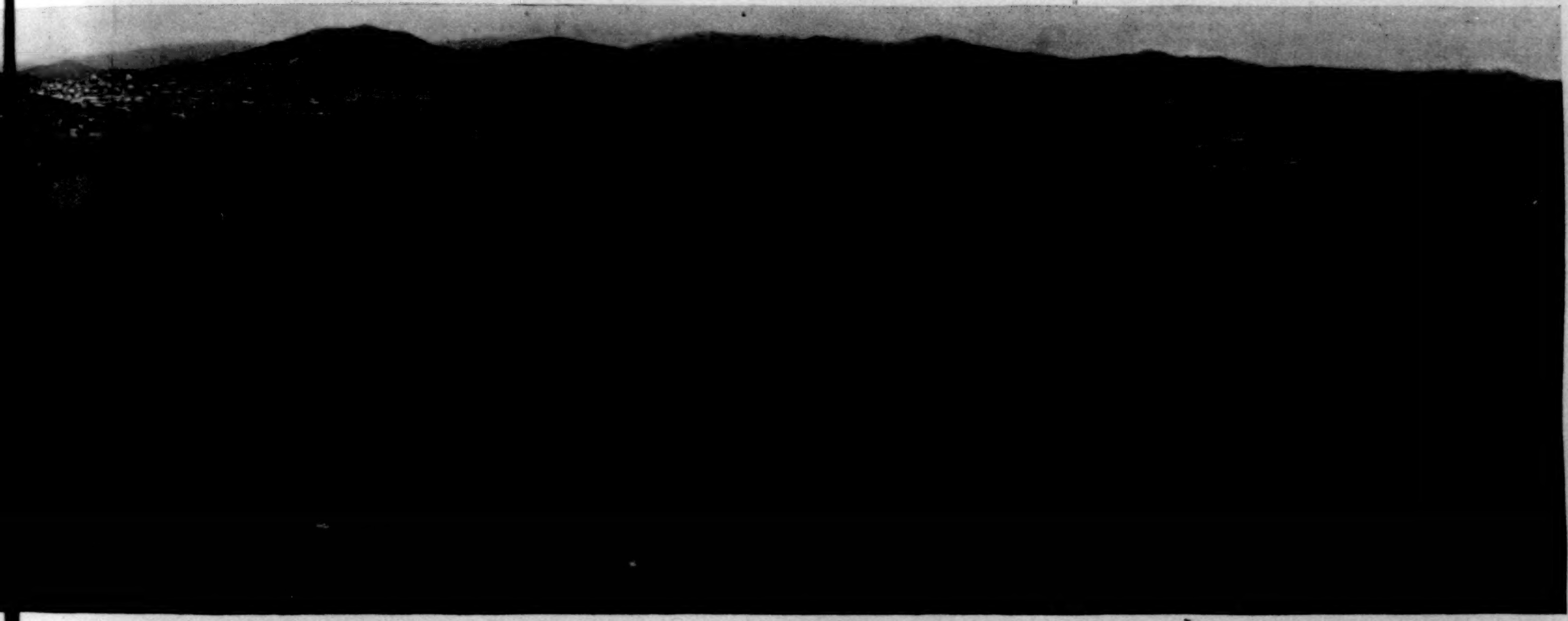


F VLADIVOSTOK.

g on Mines. Arsenal. Ordnance Store Depot.



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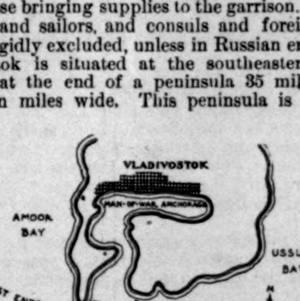

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(*Continued from page 995.*)

who felt himself rather cut out by his cousin in these unliterary expeditions, Primitiva arrived the first thing in the morning with a note from Mrs. Wyndwood, saying she had forgotten the lawn meet at Colonel Chesham's to inaugurate the season of the local pack, and she would ride over to that in the hope of catching sight of a bit of the hunt. There was a postscript from Olive saying: "And of course I must go to chaperon her amongst all those gentlemen." Nevertheless, they went out in the boat late that same afternoon when the ocean was calm again and quivering in the sun. Their course lay along a track of diamonds that seemed to dance off the water like a million elves of light. By the time they returned the path of diamonds had changed to one of red gold. Delicious was the ripping sound of the living boat tearing the water, as it dipped gently from side to side, its white sail bellying gracefully. The sunset was strange: one dull-red narrow bar crowned by a ball of molten gold radiating four hazy spokes like mill-sails. The ball gradually sank in the sea. In the south the white sickle of the moon grew yellower and yellower, in the east fleecy strips of cloud reflected the dying day. The colors of the cliffs still stood out vivid. The moment was poetic; the air was charged with amorous electricity. The talk drifted into love and marriage.

They played with the subject, skimming it gracefully, touching it with subtle lights, flashed and withdrawn, shooting out audacities with ingenuous impersonality, all four the while tingling with self-consciousness from crown to sole.

Herbert said that to a woman love is a complete romance, to a man a collection of short stories. Olive maintained that the reverse was true. "Oh, if man knew woman!" she cried. "And you, who pretend to write comedies!"

Mrs. Wyndwood admitted that Byron was right about love being all in all to a woman. "Nine-tenths of unmarried women," she said, looking at Herbert, "have never had a proposal."

"Nine-tenths of married women, more likely," Olive flashed back.

In Matthew's opinion marriage was a failure. Mrs. Wyndwood sadly acquiesced. They sought the remedy.

"Marriage may be a failure, but not friendship," Olive pronounced.

Now it was Matthew's eyes that Eleanor's sought, and his involuntarily met hers. There was exaltation in this secret glance and mutual reassurance.

"Unless," pursued Olive, "the friendship is contracted between persons of different sex."

Mrs. Wyndwood's eyes drooped; then opened full again to note how Matthew took the addendum. The friends perceived themselves reddening in simultaneous confession that Olive was not so very wrong; an indefinable expression, half abasement, half radiance, flickered over Eleanor's features; her glance, swift, probing, challenging, dazzled him; his whole frame trembled at the thought that this heavenly creature could love him. Then he grew chill again, for she cried, as in the highest spirits:

"Oh, look at the sun! How comic!"

It had, indeed, become a clown's face, swollen and bulbous, and crossed with red bars.

The talk went on to Woman's Rights, and Matthew mentioned that he had an indirect relation to the subject, because a girl he used to know in childhood had become Linda Verder's secretary.

"Is she pretty?" Mrs. Wyndwood asked.

"I don't know; I've never seen her."

"But you said you used to know her."

"Oh! you mean Ruth Hailey. She used to be pretty, but my brother tells me she's gone off."

"Haven't you seen her yourself?"

"Oh! not for years."

"I sent Mrs. Verder a subscription some few years ago," said Mrs. Wyndwood, "but I have ceased to believe in Woman's Rights."

"Woman's Rights are a husband and children," said Herbert, with his eye fixed on Olive.

"It is a mistake for the movement to be led by women," pursued Mrs. Wyndwood.

"Oh, was that why you resigned when Lord Boscombe left the Council?" asked Olive, innocently.

Eleanor looked annoyed. "You mean, Mrs. Wyndwood," Matthew hastened to say, "that they lay themselves open to the imputation of being soured spinsters."

"Precisely," she replied. "Besides, they are crying for the moon."

"Or the man in it," muttered Olive.

"No; that's ungenerous to your sisters."

"Why demand generosity?" Olive retorted. "We are all in the same trade." And she smiled audaciously at Herbert. "Even Mrs. Verder didn't take up with this movement till she lost her husband, and I'll wager this Ruth Bailey is an old maid."

"Ruth Hailey," corrected Matthew, flushing painfully, he scarcely knew why, perhaps from sympathy with the aspersed friend of his childhood. "She *is* unmarried, but I am quite sure it must be from her own choice, for she is very pretty."

"You said she wasn't," said Mrs. Wyndwood, quickly.

He laughed confusedly. "I was thinking of the girl."

The subject dropped.

Ere they got in, the wind freshened and Matthew was busy with the sheet. And now a proposition was broached which promised to bring a new sensation into their comparatively sequestered existence. Light-hearted discussions as to what they would do in the event of capsizing through Matt's mishandling of the sail led to estimates of the distance they could swim in their clothes. Mrs. Wyndwood could not swim at all, and complained of the abrupt shelving of the beach, which gave her only a few feet of splashing-room, while Olive was sailing gloriously off in search of the horizon. Herbert said that, like the man who was asked if he could play the violin, he didn't know if he could swim in his clothes because he had never tried, and besides, he had his comedy in his pocket, which was heavy enough to drag down a theatre. Olive said she didn't see that it made any difference whether a lady swam in her clothes or not, especially if she was in evening dress. She claimed that the cap and gown worn in the water were as heavy as men's boating flannels.

The upshot of the discussion was that Miss Regan challenged Mr. Matthew Strang to a race in clothes, which she insisted must be new. "You don't go out getting capsized in old clothes," she contended. "Boots you needn't have, nor a coat; people always have time to throw them off—in books. I shall be clothed in a new yachting costume, superficially, of course, to counteract your sheddings from above."

"What waste!" remonstrated Eleanor.

"You who pretend to philanthropy!" mocked Herbert, mimicking her intonation of "You who pretend to write comedies!"

"Waste? To learn to save my life! And don't you see I shall forthwith give away the spoiled costume to a poor creature who would never otherwise have got it?" And Olive, who was quite serious, fell to elaborating a facetious programme of "The Creamery Regatta."

The regatta day duly arrived. Two bathing-tents were erected on the beach and decorated with flags. It was arranged that the competitors should swim out leisurely together as far as they cared to go, then turn and race for shore. Herbert was chosen referee; he offered to take them out in a boat and then accompany them back as a precaution, but Olive laughed at him for an old woman. Eleanor, entering enthusiastically into the fun, had ordered a silver cup from London, and was to present it to the winner.

But the day opened badly with fitful weather; a gray rain, and thunder and lightning. They waited till the afternoon, when the sun burst out in sudden fire, and in a moment the great stretch of gray cloud was shrivelling off all around it like a burnt cobweb. The eager combatants dashed into their dressing-tents, and emerging as lightly clad as was compatible with the conditions, they plunged together into the great sapphire sea. The outward swim was an ecstasy; the water was warm and sparkling with patches of molten silver breaking up into little shining circles and reuniting; it sent a voluptuous thrill to the palms to cleave its buoyant elasticity, and the forward movement of the body was a rapture. Drawing in the balmy air with joyous breaths, Matthew felt an immense gratitude for existence. There was exhilaration in the mere proximity of Olive with her lively snatches of conversation. Her lovely flushed face and dripping hair went with him like a mermaiden's. The same thought struck her, for she began to sing jerkily with her beautiful voice Heine's ballad:

"Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldenes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar."

"Yes, but you haven't got golden hair," the man laughed joyously.

Further and further they swam into the vast shimmering blue, and ecstasy made the pace brisker than they had meditated.

"Shall we start from here?" he asked at last.

"No, not yet. I want a long race."

They swam on. The brown trawling-boats loomed plainer in the offing.

"Here?" said Matthew.

"No—a little farther, faint-heart!"

He turned on his back and propelled himself gently, gazing up in luxurious content at the great circle of blue sky cloud-mottled round its rim. Olive, lying on her side, paddled lazily a little ahead.

"This is delicious," she called back. "Clothes make no difference. But fancy a clothed Lorelei!" And she began to sing again, with pauses for breath:

"Der Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh."

He threw the reply over his head: "You shall lure me no farther." But she mocked him, elated by the glory of motion, and witched him to follow her till the shore was far.

At last they turned, trod water, Olive cried, "One, two, three," and they were off.

For some minutes they swam side by side, Olive making the pace, and Matthew finding it no trouble to keep up with it; at last she made a spurt and shot past him with a triumphant taunt; he allowed her to enjoy some seconds of victory, then came up hand over hand and forged ahead. He eased off and she overtook him; he spurted and she flagged; he let her come up again, and she came up with a sneer. Resolved to damp her frolicsome spirits, he put on a powerful stroke and showed her a clean pair of heels. She made a desperate effort and drew level with him again. The instinct of victory was now aroused in the painter; he fixed his eyes on the shore and settled steadily to the task of reaching it. Very soon Olive was hopelessly in the rear. He still heard her vague cries from afar. At last they died away entirely. He turned his head to measure the interval. Olive was nowhere to be seen.

His heart contracted with a cold sick horror. He raced back with great side strokes, shouting, "Miss Regan, Miss Regan, Holloa!" The great sparkling water stretched all around in deadly silent bareness, suddenly become an evil enemy. He hoped desperately she was only swimming under water for speed or to frighten him.

And then in a moment her head popped up to the right, and he saw from the exhausted expression of the face and the spasmodic struggles of the limbs that she had really gone under. In a few strokes he was at her side. She still retained sufficient self-possession not to grab at him; he supported her with one hand, then with the rest of his limbs he struck out stoutly for home, she helping him with feeble movements. After a moment she smiled faintly.

"So you wouldn't follow the Lorelei," she spluttered, reproachfully.

"I am sorry I followed her so far," he said, ruefully regarding the distant shore. Olive struggled for breath. "Prosaic man! I waited down there for you, but I gave you up and came to the surface again." She essayed sturdier kicks.

"You sank only once," he said.

"Yes; didn't you hear me calling you to come?"

"I heard sounds, but I thought they were epigrams."

"Brute! To hit a woman when she's down. But I shall be better soon. . . . I hope they can't see us from shore."

"Oh yes, they can; besides, you brought Herbert an opera-glass to see we started fair."

"Nonsense!" Olive gasped, indignantly.

"I distinctly remember it."

"How dare you set up your memory against a drowning woman's? . . . Don't you know the whole of my life is passing before me? I gave him the glass so that he might continue to admire my costume."

He was glad to find her talking like herself, and not alarmed. Her strokes were getting stronger now, but he still feared for the consequences if she should suddenly lose her nerve. "What did you think of when you sank?" he asked, lightly.

"Of her—" she began, and stopped short. "Of her carryings-on at my funeral, poor Nor. I was regretting I hadn't made my will and left her my nose."

This sounded pure nonsense to her companion.

"I think I can go by myself now," she added. "Thank you so much for the use of your arm."

"You are quite sure?" he said, anxiously.

"Yes; I only felt suddenly lonely when I was left behind, and that made me feel so tired and powerless. Of course you have won—the race is to the swift, despite the Bible."

He removed his arm, but kept watchfully at her side. And his misgivings were justified, for, after a slow twenty yards, her strokes became so spent and irregular that he came to her assistance again, and she accepted his support with a wan smile.

"It's this soppy clogging costume," she said. "Tennyson was right:

"Thou art weighted with a gown,
And its heavy clinging nature shall have weight to drag thee down."

"You had better keep your breath in your lungs," he said, not in rebuke, but in hortation.

"I'll inflate myself like an air-balloon," she replied, humbly. "I am so sorry to be such a nuisance." And she turned upon her back and paddled feebly in silence.

He did not answer, for his own nerve was giving way. The responsibility weighed more than the burden, though that was heavy enough with the double weight of superadded garments. He had a spasm of sickening apprehension. His own strokes were getting jerkier; what if he should fail to reach that strip of beach, on which he dimly descried two agitated figures! And in this tense, terrible moment the figures were blotted out, he saw only the cliffs in the background and the white sea-gulls overhead, and he was a boy again in the Bay of Fundy, swimming in his clothes for dear life. The illusion was momentary, but it left the memory. A sense of the tragic contrast between the ardent Nova-Scotian lad, dreaming of pictures, and the popular London painter occupied his consciousness, while his limbs moved automatically shoreward. Then he remembered that of the two who had struck out for home on that memorable day the sailor had only put off the day of drowning. And at the thought that ancient dead face swam up again in front of him. Oh, it was horrible to die, to be dragged down out of the sunlight, to leave a world which held Eleanor Wyndwood! What would become of her? She would live to forget him; she would marry; another man would hold her in his arms. Another man! Oh, direful thought, bitterer than death! There was no need for his death before another man could possess her. She was only his friend; he had not wanted more than her friendship. Oh, ghastly self-delusion! Olive's sneer at the friendship of the sexes rang in his brain, and that strange intoxicating expression in Eleanor's face—half abashment, half radiance—dispelled the vision of his father. In a moment of delirium his lips touched her warm cheek; it was her weight that was on his arm. What did it matter if they had a gleam of happiness, he and Eleanor, both victims of an unsatisfactory world? Was not the great, shining, mocking, remorseless sea waiting to suck him down, indifferent to the aspirations and agonizings of the long years? And then between his lips and hers the dead stony face swam up again, and he turned on his back to escape it, and found unexpected relief in the more reposeful attitude and in the change of arm involved; for the left, which had supported Olive, had grown numb. When, sufficiently rested, he turned again, he saw, with a thrill of joy, that the shore was perceptibly nearer. There were more than two figures now; he made out Primitiva and the old cook. And Herbert's arm was round Mrs. Wyndwood's waist supporting her. A powerful spurt brought him within clear hearing of Herbert's hail:

"Shall I come out?"

Olive roused herself. "What for?" she sang out, lustily. "The race is decided."

"All right," came the joyous reply. "I was sure Matt could manage it. I wouldn't spoil his chances of a medal."

As they came nearer in he cheered them on with sportive ejaculations, and confounded the beach because there wasn't a single boat within half a mile. When the couple scrambled on shore, shaking themselves like spaniels, Mrs. Wyndwood dragged more heavily on Herbert's sustaining arm, and he saw that she had fainted. Almost at the same instant, by a curious coincidence, the sun, upon which the clouds had gradually been closing in, again disappeared, and the wail of the wind rang wilder round the cliffs.

There was confusion in the household that afternoon. Mrs. Wyndwood soon revived, but had to be put to bed, and Miss Regan, who was secretly grateful for an excitement that kept her from assuming the invalid herself, sat with her. The gentlemen hung about the house, anxious, and receiving frequent reassuring bulletins by the lips of Primitiva. Presently those pretty lips brought them an invitation to stay to seven-o'clock dinner, when Mrs. Wyndwood would try to come down to present the cup. They need have no delicacy about the larder, for Colonel Chesham had opportunely sent Mrs. Wyndwood a gift of grouse. They galloped over the cliffs to get themselves into their dress-clothes. Meantime Mrs. Wyndwood had fallen asleep, and at her bedside Olive Regan writhed in a black paroxysm, asking herself why she had wanted to come up again.

The hostesses were a little late, but the reunion was gay beyond all precedent. The last trappings of ceremony were thrown off. A bohemian merriment reigned, regardless of the liveried menial who alone sustained the dignity of the dinner table. Mrs. Wyndwood, looking a shade paler and more spiritual, but no whit less beautiful than her wont, appeared in a low white satin gown, ornamented at the bosom with the same jewelled butterfly as on the night when Matthew had met her at the Academy soirée. He fancied some occult significance in the circumstance. Olive was in soft green that harmonized so suavely with her complexion as to give her a less aggressive air than when she wore blue. There was a fragrant tea-rose with a sprig of maidenhair-fern at her throat; and the table was gay with many choice specimens of aster and hydrangea, presents from Primitiva's father. Outside the roar of the sea and the wail of the wind emphasized the charm and comfort of the interior and the gladness of being alive.

There was a wavering flush on Mrs. Wyndwood's cheek and a shining moisture in her eye as, before they sat down, she presented Matthew with the cup, which Olive complained had been dashed from her lips. Interrogated as to her sensations, she said she had a horrible feeling of littleness in the midst of the great churn of waters and under the naked sky. It did not seem the same sea she had been bestriding so recklessly and voluptuously. She seemed to herself absolutely unimportant—a mere atom in the blind wash of the waves, a straw they would engulf, drift, or disgorge with equal indifference. It was this thought that suddenly paralyzed her, and made her give up and go under; when she came up, something not herself made her strain every sinew to keep afloat.

"Something not ourselves that makes for life," said Herbert.

She smiled. "My last thought was of you," she said,

audaciously. "I determined to send you a message by submarine cable."

"I had the greatest ado to prevent Primitiva stripping and going out to fetch you in," he rejoined, laughing.

The incidents of the regatta continued to afford amusement from the *hors d'œuvres* to the dessert. At the fish, Olive sprang up suddenly and rushed to the window. Her exclamation of "The regatta fireworks!" drew them all after her.

Herbert uttered the long-drawn "Oh!" of the spectators of pyrotechnics. It was, indeed, an extraordinary set-piece, this sunset, in affinity with the fitful tempestuous day—a sky steel-blue again, with great broad sulphur-edged clouds of black smoke; on the upper rim of this smoke, white clouds; towards the horizon, over the inhabited hills, a lovely pale green light, and on the right of that a monstrous sulphur cloud, its base hidden below the horizon; the shadow of this brilliant cloud darkening to a purple and crimson beauty on the ever-stirring water, and the cloud itself infiltrating its pores more and more with sulphur and deepening momently to old-gold; over the green light patches of bright gold; the left extremity of the sulphur cloud coming to meet it in dots of smoky red; every little pool of rain or brine on the beach crimsoning and purpling in responsive radiance; in the east, faint blue clouds topping the hills like trees.

They returned to their fish, but watched from their seats the beautiful sulphur cloud fading into a pale bluish blot. Mrs. Wyndwood, observing it all minutely with her recently acquired artistic vision, said she had never realized before how many editions a sunset went through; she wondered how artists arrested it long enough to paint it. Herbert said sunsets were not fixed, but faked. He resumed his badinage of Olive for her failure to see her whole life defile pictorially before her; and she apologized for her forgetfulness on the ground that she hadn't arrived at drowning-point. A discussion on memory ensued. Mrs. Wyndwood acknowledged possessing a good verbal memory—especially for poetry. Herbert said that he could only remember ideas, so that he carried away nothing from contemporary literature. Only the Continentals had ideas; the English were a wooden race, "the wooden heads of Old England," he said, derisively; he was glad of his infusion of French blood; there was no salt in English life—nothing but putrefying Puritanism. Olive said although she was a Celt she could remember neither ideas nor words. Herbert asked what was her earliest recollection. After screwing up her forehead in earnest effort, she replied, honestly, "I forget," and he cried, "Bull!" Mrs. Wyndwood proffered her own earliest recollection—of gliding, in her mother's arms, in a gondola, with a boatman crying *Stali*, and was curious to know Matt's. He replied mirthfully that he didn't remember, and covered his discomposure with champagne. He could not expose to strangers that memory of his mother scolding his father, shrieking, vociferating, offering to throw up the position, threatening to shoot herself. Even Mrs. Wyndwood would never know that—no one would ever really see the scars on his soul. The thought of her, now babbling harmlessly, saner in her insanity than in her sanity, came up like the skeleton at the feast. He put her resolutely outside with the night and the sea and the wind that wailed like a woman. But he heard them moaning, "Oh, the pain of the world!"

After dinner they walked along the shore towards the neighboring village. It blew half a gale now, but the air was not cold, and the ladies took only wraps. The quartet looked upon this deserted beach as a private promenade, an appanage of the house. They walked two and two, Matthew and Miss Regan, Herbert and Mrs. Wyndwood. There was only a rim of orange all along the horizon; the rollers thundered on the stones, smashing themselves in flying spray; a fierce undertow kept the waves sandy for half a mile out; there was just light enough to distinguish where the paler green commenced. The darkness grew rapidly as they walked; the last faint reflection of sunset faded on the gray sea. An unusual silence possessed them after the exuberance of the evening. They stopped now and again to shake the little pebbles out of their shoes. All was black when they reached the village. The beach was full of wicker-work crab-pots, and the headless divided forms of skate and dog-fish loomed uncannily from the poles on which they hung. They were the crab-fishers' bait. Only a stray mongrel represented the village, which already slept. The sea was mournful and gloomy; its pitchy blackness, over which the sky hinged like a half-raised gray lid, was relieved only by its own broken lines of foam, which sometimes rolled in six deep, looking exactly like streaks of phosphorescence on a dark wall, and added weirdness to the forlorn desolation of the scene. There was no other line of light either on sea or land; the lonesome sea tossed sleeplessly in its agony, howling and crying.

They turned back, and an interchange of partners was effected. During the walk Mrs. Wyndwood suddenly asked Matthew if his wife knew where he was. He said "no"; sometimes his brother Billy did; Billy lived with her; his man forwarded all letters from his studio. After a long pause he added that practically he had been separated from his wife for years. Eleanor murmured again, "Poor woman," and he was too shame-stricken to look her in the face and read that the sympathy was for him. They relapsed into silence, and indeed conversation was difficult.

The night had grown wilder, the wind blew more fiercely, drenching their faces with salt spray, whirling them round, and almost lifting them off their feet. But the clouds were driven off, and the star-spangled heaven was revealed, majestic.

Near the house Mrs. Wyndwood and Matthew Strang stopped to admire the sublime spectacle, sheltering themselves from the gale in a niche in the cliff. The other two had already gone round the craggy projection which hid the house.

They watched the mad cavalry charge of creaming billows; watched them break, thundering and throwing their spray heavenwards like a continuous play of white fountains all along the line of march. To the right, beyond the village whence they had come, where the cliff jutted out at its lowest level, a ghostly fountain leaped again and again sheer over the top of the cliff with a crashing and a splashing that was succeeded by the long receding moan of the back-drawn wave soughing through the rattling pebbles.

Her face, flushed with the passion of the storm, showed divinely in the dim starlight; beneath her wrap her bosom, panting from the walk in the teeth of the wind, heaved with excitement; the gale had dishevelled her hair. They scarcely spoke; the organ-roll of the sea crashed majestically like the bass in some savage symphony of the winds.

Now at last the moon leaped out, framed in a weird cloud-wrack; the moonlight played on her loveliness and made it wonderful.

She moved slightly forwards. "The cliff is too damp to lean upon," she murmured.

Audaciously he slipped a trembling arm against the rock, and let her form rest against that. She scarcely seemed conscious of him; she was watching the ramping, seething waters volleying their white jets skyward with a crash of cannon that outroared the wind; her scarlet lips were parted eagerly; the dreamy light had gone from her eyes; they flashed fire.

"Oh, I could dare to-night!" she cried.

The wind blew her tresses into his face; the perfume of them stung his blood. Her loveliness was maddening him. So close! so close! Oh, to shower mad kisses upon her lips, her eyes, her hair! What did it matter there on that wild beach, alone with the elements? He had been so near death; who would have recked if he had been dead now, tossed in that welter of waters?

The waves broke with a thousand thunders, the white fountains flew at the stars; they seemed alive, exultant, frenzied with the ecstasy of glorious living. Oh, for life, simple, sublime! the keen, tingling, savage life of Vikings and sea-robbers in the days before civilization, in the full-blooded days when men loved and hated fiercely, strenuously, wrenching through rapine and slaughter the women they coveted. Ah, surely he had some of their blood! it ran in his veins like fire; he was of their race despite his dreamings. He was his father's son, loving the storm and the battle.

The wind wailed; it was like the cry of his tortured heart, his yearning for happiness. It rose higher and higher. A bat flew between them and the moon. Eleanor nestled to him involuntarily; her face was very near to his. It gleamed seductively; there was no abashment, only alluring loveliness. The fire in her eyes kindled him now not to the secondary life of Art, but to the primary life of realities. Could she not hear his heart beat? Yes, surely the storm of the elements had passed into her blood too. Her face was ardent, ecstatic. His arm held her tight. Oh, to stake the world on a kiss!

The moon was hidden again; they were alone in the mad, dim night; the complexities of society were far away. They looked at each other, and through her eyes he seemed to see heaven.

A star fell overhead. It drew her eyes away a moment to watch its fiery curve. He felt the spell was broken. The wind shrieked with an eldrich cry, like the mocking threnody of his thwarted hope. He had a shuddering remembrance of Mad Peggy. And straightway he saw her weird figure dashing round the crag in the darkness—a shawl over her head, and a lovely face, at once radiant and frenzied, gleaming from between its dusky folds. His heart almost stopped, a superstitious thrill froze his hot blood. Never to be happy! Ah, God! never! never! To thirst and thirst, and nothing ever to quench his thirst!

Mrs. Wyndwood started forward. "Oh, there you are, Olive!"

The figure threw her arms passionately round her. "Comfort me, darling, I am engaged."

For the happier Herbert had spoken. And Olive had listened shyly, humbly, with tears; full of an exquisite uplifting emotion, akin to the exaltation of righteousness, at the thought of giving herself to this man; of living her life with and for the one true soul in the world.

They stood close to the hoary rim of the black welter; dusky figures, wind-rocked and spray-drenched, a little apart from each other, the shining house in the background.

"And when did you begin to think of me—in that way?" she faltered.

"I never thought of you in any other. But that night when Matthew arrived, when you sat nid-nodding in the grandfather's chair, you maddened me; you were adorable! the contrast was exquisite. To think of you—a wilful little misanthrope—to think of that glorious, wayward creature fading away till she suited the chair. Oh, it was too—" He broke off. Passion robbed him of words. He moved nearer—she drew back.

"Oh, but will you still—" she hesitated, shy of the word—"love me when I do suit the chair?"

"I shall always see you as you were then."

She laughed with a half-sob.

"And just then," she confessed deliciously, fluttering even now like a bird in the net, "I was beginning to get frightened of you. I felt you growing upon me, shadowing the horizon like the roc in the *Arabian Nights*. And the pain of the world was outside—in the great black night—calling to me in my slough of luxury."

"You witch! Veil those eyes or I shall kiss them."

She retreated.

"And why were you frightened of me?" he asked, tenderly.

She said humbly, in little shy jerks: "I felt like in the sea this morning—one little atom, and the whole world against me, and my own weakness most of all.... I had prided myself on my swimming, and here was I being dragged under .... just like other girls .... a victim to the same ridiculous passion."

"You delightful, candid creature! With me as the object?"

"Don't be flippant now, Herbert." How delicious his name sounded! It made amends for the rebuke. "You do understand me. Marriage is a second birth—voluntary, this time. It means accepting the universe, which was thrust upon one unasked."

"It means making the best of it."

"Oh, surely it means more. It means passing it on to others. But I surrender—I cannot live without you."

"Olive!"

He sprang to take her, but she eluded him. "Look! the moon is covered up again."

"I only want to see your face."

"Don't talk like other men, though I have fallen like other girls."

"No, you are always yourself, Olive. I have dreamt of this moment. I would not have it otherwise—except perhaps with you in the grandfather's chair and a poke bonnet."

"Now you are *your*self. This is such a conventional ending to a holiday, we must preserve what originality we can." She was recovering her spirits.

"A conventional ending! Why, it's a most romantic, incongruous match. It beats the comedy. I shall burn it."

"No, let's produce it—it wouldn't cost much."

"I am not worthy of you, Olive," he said, with a quiver in his voice. "I have nothing."

"Oh! When you have my heart!"

"My queen of girls! But what of your relatives?"

A gleam of fun passed across her wet face. She had her droll look of mischief.

"You are all of them. I was of age long ago—I am awfully old, you know—you take me with your eyes open—"

"I can't; yours dazzle me."

"That 'll do for the comedy," she laughed, gleefully. "Still, if you do want me, there are only you and I to consider."

"Only we two," he murmured.

"We two!" she repeated, and her eyes were suffused with tender moisture.

There was a delicious silence. He tried to take her hand. This time she abandoned it to him; a wave of moral emotion lifted her to the stars.

The wind wailed; the black sea crashed white at their feet; its whirling brine blinded their eyes as with salt tears.

"Isn't it curious?" she said, as they moved back a little, hand in hand.

"What, dearest?"

"That you and I should be made happier by our common perception of the unhappiness of life?"

"Queer girl!" he thought. But he only squeezed her hand.

"The catechism is right," she went on, thoughtfully. "The waves are too strong. It's no use fighting against your sex or your station. Do your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call you. But I would have that text taught to the rich exclusively, not to the poor. The poor should be encouraged to ascend; the rich should be taught contentment. Else their strength for good is wasted fruitlessly." And the electric current of love generated by those close-pressed palms flashed to her soul the mission of a life of noble work hand in hand.

Herbert scarcely heard her. The glow of her lovely face, the flashes of feeling that passed over it, the tears that glistened on her eyelashes—these absorbed his senses. Her generalizations were only a vague, exquisite music. He lifted her hand and held it passionately to his lips. She murmured beseechingly,

"You will never disappoint me, Herbert?"

"My darling!" And he strove to draw her nearer and press his first kiss upon those bewitching lips.

"Oh! there's a star falling," she cried, and slipped from his hold, a beautiful Diana, virgin as the white spray and tameless as the night.

She had disappointed Herbert. He was puzzled. But as she disappeared round the cliff in quest of the others, a smile of triumphant content curled round his boyish lips.

"That's the last touch of piquancy," he murmured, as he chased her round the crag.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEAD POET.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OCTOBER 7, 1894.

SOMBRED, the rare light of this fair October;
 One, loved of all, in that he loved all men,
Hath drifted out—toll, bells, in cadence sober—
 Hath drifted out beyond our utmost ken.

Poet, he trod earth's chaffering market-places
 In singing robes, his strain the lark's note high;
Serene and sweet, a lane of anxious faces
 Smoothed out their troubles as his step passed by.

Philosopher, the wisdom of the ages,
 Filtered and sparkling, he had made his own;
In various moods, his white and gleaming pages
 Caught inspiration from the morning's zone.

No shaft of his was tipped with any malice;
 No word embittered left that smiling lip;
Alike to struggling souls in cot or palace
 His genial wit brought brave good-fellowship.

His sun goes down to-day in cloudless splendor.
 'Tis we who linger in the lonesome shade,
Missing henceforth the music gay and tender,
 The throbbing blitheness of the tunes he played.

Last of the minstrel throng we held in honor,
 Ay, last and dearest, with hushed hearts we lay
Our votive wreaths, where veiled, a pall upon her,
 She sits, his grieving city by the Bay.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MORTAR PRACTICE IN THE NATIONAL GUARD.

As the days have not yet come when dirigible balloons shall drop bombs charged with high explosives upon the heads of our enemies from a height too great for bullets to reach, we must depend for some time to come, apparently, upon the mortar to drop shells into our enemy's strongholds.

The heavy-artillery branch of our service is totally inadequate to the defence of our great length of coast, and it is encouraging to observe that the National Guards of some of the States have taken up the practice of mortar and great-gun firing.

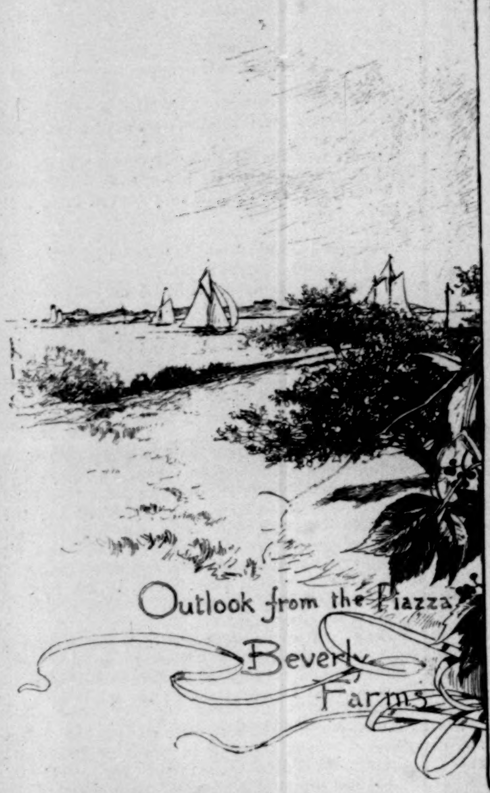
It is a significant and alarming fact, as recently declared by an eminent artillery authority, that if all the heavy-artillery troops in the army and National Guards of the United States were concentrated at New York city, there would still be lacking some five thousand men of the number necessary to properly man the defences of New York Harbor.

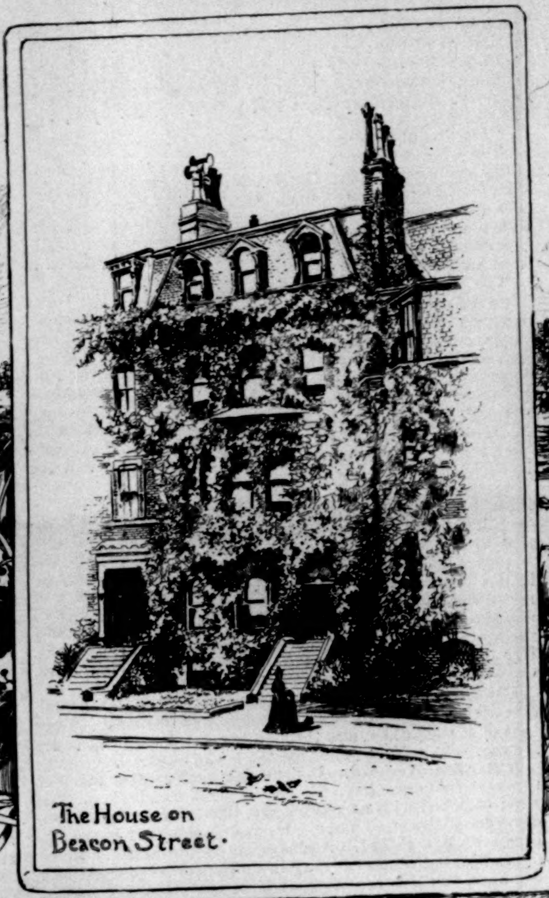
In some of the States the general government has established sea-coast batteries, which are used for practice by the National Guard. In others, as in Massachusetts, part of the troops are annually given a week's instruction in the harbor forts.

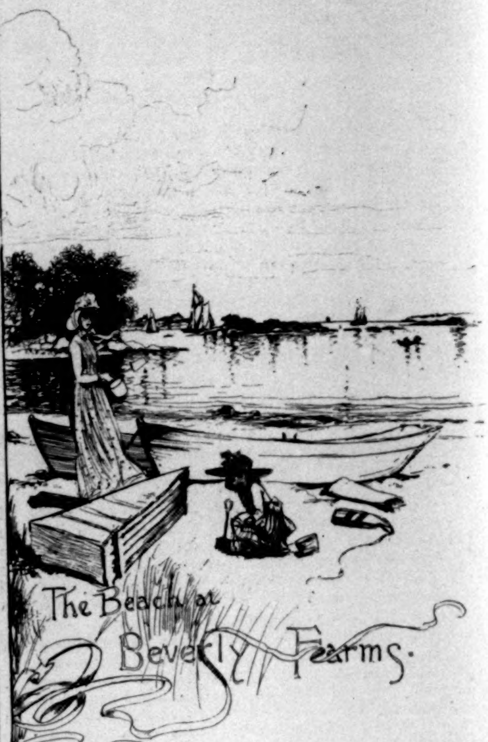
In Connecticut there is a coast battery mounting two ten-inch Rodman guns and four mortars at the water-front of the State camp at Niantic. Each year details from the infantry regiments are drilled in heavy-gun and mortar firing, with plaster shells carrying light exploding charges, which afford the same opportunity for practice as iron shells. For target practice empty iron shells are used, and the accuracy with which they have been dropped at the target, distant a mile or more, is very commendable.

It is to be hoped that the tendency toward the heavy-artillery service in the State militia, especially in the coast States, may rapidly develop, and that the government may aid its development by establishing more numerous coast batteries, useful alike for practice in peace and defence in war.

HOWARD A. GIDDINGS.







THE TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.—DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When we say that in the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes a million people have lost a friend we do not say too much, nor yield to our national foible of vastness in a way which he would have gently chastised. There are many significances in the passing of this poet, philosopher, and savant, but the most important one is this, that he, before all men of his time and clime, conducted successfully the seemingly easy but dangerously difficult literary experiment of taking his readers into his confidence, leading them as it were into his study, shutting the door behind him, and chatting with them before the fire. Not only in his essays—and we may perhaps call him the last of the essayists, for the present at least—but in his poetry, does this personal, this often colloquial, strain exist. Sometimes, though seldom, it rises to a high and masterful bardlike note, as in the lines on the old *Constitution;* sometimes it has a strain of tender gladness, as in "The Boys"; again of somewhat quizzical pathos, as in "The Last Leaf," or of merry scorn, as in "The Stay at Home Rangers"; but in all these, and even in the conclusion of "The Chambered Nautilus," one of his few attempts at a classical style, we find this note of one man addressing another, or addressing a part of himself. He seems always to have had the sense of a human presence other than his own when he was writing. Marvellous talent, marvellous putting of it to usury! He has talked to generations of English-reading people in both hemispheres; taken them by the hand as it were, and whispered or pleaded, or sometimes, though but rarely, thundered in their ears for hours together, and bored no one of this vast host—vaster than the armies of Xerxes.

What a long, long life it was! When Holmes was born, August 29, 1809, the plastic and chameleon-like individual who has passed so far into the mists of history as to assume to the eyes of many the shape and bulk of a statesman was entering on his first term as President, and was known to all the good Federalists about young Oliver Wendell's cradle as "Jimmy" Madison. Gladstone's earliest recollection—he having been born in the same *annus mirabilis* of 1809—was of hearing Canning speak. Holmes's earliest must also probably have been political, as the good Adamsites of Boston and Cambridge, where little Oliver was born, anathematized the Jacobin instigators of the war of 1812, and sent their wives and babies—little Oliver was then three years old—into the Bay State's back counties to be out of the way of British bombardments. When he was a grave, if not in age a reverend, Professor of Physiology at Dartmouth, the young Victoria was a girl Queen of a year's reign, just being inducted into the mysteries of sovereignty by Melbourne, and the elder Harrison had two years to wait for the pitching of the key of "Tippecanoe," which was to sing him, and "Tyler too," into the White House. When the century had just reached middle age the counsel for the defence in the Parkman-Webster murder trial spoke of the learned Professor, the prosecution's expert on anatomy, as "the young—I beg his pardon, middle-aged—physician, Dr. Holmes."

If it was a long life in the life of men, in the life of American letters it was a life like that of the patriarchs of whom Methuselah was the type. He saw the first of our republic of letters, and the formation of that New England school which may be called its Senate. He took his seat therein, with his Autocrat laurels as certificate of election, with Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier and Hawthorne and Lowell, and those entertaining sages Prescott and Motley. He saw them all pass, and in his passing the golden age of New England literature passes also. In fact, New England, the storied New England, the New England mother of high life and fountain-head of thought, which all of us outside venerate, seems in a great, perhaps overrated, measure to pass too. For in his essays we are in the Boston and Cambridge of New England's golden age—an age like the Edinburgh of Jeffrey's day. To be sure, he takes us to a boarding-house where there is a young man called John, and other individualities not at all Brahminical. But the adequacy of Boston permeates those pages. There is no other Common except the Common where the Autocrat and the School-mistress take the Long Walk together, and there is no State House except the one with the copper dome. It was Holmes who gave Boston the name of the "Hub," in sport, but its Hubbiness to all Bostonians appears through every chapter of the Autocrat.

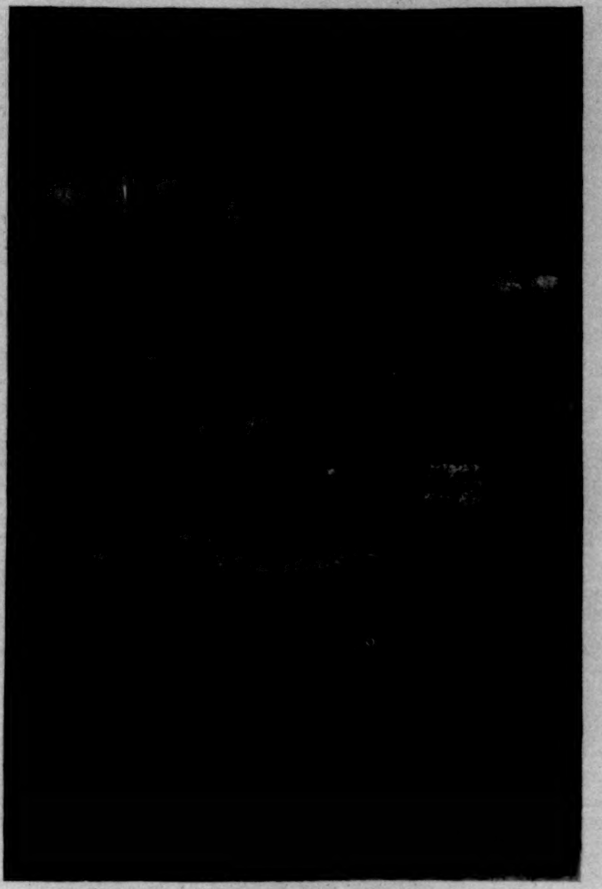
Others may and will write of New England. Professor Fiske can put it in his crucible and separate its Beginnings; Mr. Howells can spear his Bartleys and Marcias and Lemuels, and stick his insect specimens on his study wall; clever Miss Wilkins can recreate its witch-finding past. All these can write *of* New England. Holmes wrote *it*, not in his conscious attempts, as in his novel-writing, but unconsciously in his essays, and in verse like the "One-Hoss Shay."

A curious contrast indeed in this respect is the smooth mirror of New England life in that poem, and the distorting concave glass held up to it in *Elsie Venner*. This book, which Dr. Holmes evidently thought not a great deal of—in its second edition he quoted an old lady's disgusted comment that it was a "medicated novel"—is, besides its presentation of a fascinating fancy of prenatal influences, a studied attempt to portray the life of a New England village. We have all the inland New England types in Dudley Venner, the æsthetic, somewhat effete descendant of the old Colonial stock; in the Colonel, the representative of what were then the new West India trade fortunes; in the hero, the Brahmin; in the seminary principal, the canting Yankee hypocrite, and in his slave, the school-teacher, the modern Puritan maiden. Elsie herself is of course a creature of fancy, and her cousin is simply a lay figure on which Elsie may expend her reptile hate. But all these characters, particularly when they are gathered at the feast, where the Deacon tries to eat ice-cream as if it were pudding, seem to smack of caricature. They seem not to have been drawn by a New-Englander, a Wendell and a Holmes, but by some not altogether friendly alien hand. The trouble with most of them is undoubtedly that they are bald transcriptions rather than reproductions of men and women. There is no frame of light and shade for them. They have lost their atmosphere in being transferred to the canvas. This is simply because Holmes tried a vehicle, that of the novel, in which he was as much at his ease as the Parson could have been in a dog-cart. In the "One-Hoss Shay" he is again the essayist, the talker, the lecturer. He wrought in the habit of personal address, which years of professional labor as an instructor had made easy as his lecturer's coat, and the result was perfection, in the same field wherein he, having donned the artist's garb, failed in *Elsie Venner*. A reading of the *House of Seven Gables* after a reading of *Elsie Venner* can make Holmes's limitations in the portrayal of New England life exactly apparent. Yet Hawthorne's Province House stories do not reproduce Colonial Boston more vividly than do the essays of the Autocrat and poet reproduce the Boston which was modern when Holmes wrote.

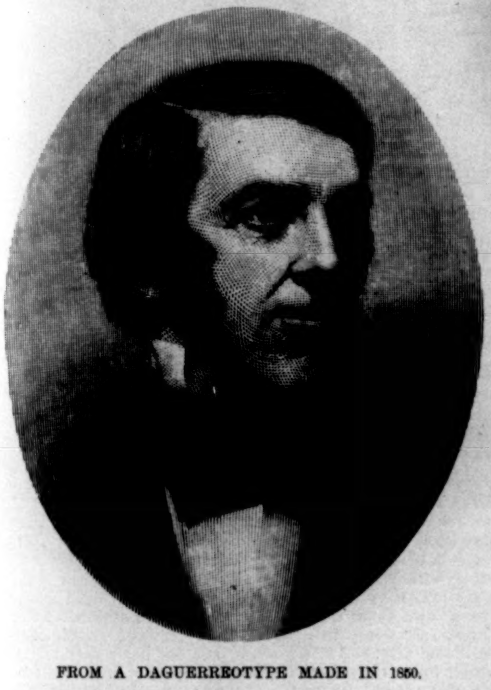
He was not a novelist, not a narrator, the *Story of Iris* being not a matter of narration, but impression. His best pictures of life were in his essays, and we are fain to say his best poetry was in them too. Look where we will among his poems, from his contributions to the "gift book" of 1833 to the *Atlantic* of 1891, and we will find no poetry so high, so deep, so pure, so well sustained, as the extract from the Autocrat descriptive of the inevitable downfall of the city, the work of man, at the hands of the forest, the force of nature:

"....So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, 'Come with me.' Then they go softly with it into the great city—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and to a grave without a stone, where nothing but a man is buried—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them when there is only a light breath stirring and you will hear them say to each other, 'Wait awhile.' The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, 'Wait awhile.' By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food.

"At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-



DR. HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY, 1887.



FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE MADE IN 1850.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1878.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1891.

place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms: that was the corner-stone of the State House. Ah, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

"—Let us cry!"

This is Lucretian to the anticlimax at the end, where Holmes, the gentle humorist, the playful satirist, seems to realize half-shamefacedly that this is a pretty high flight for a breakfast-table philosopher, and so in a mood between tears and laughter breaks his own spell.

This passage and the series of papers in which it is found were written when the author was in his fiftieth year, and had passed his half-century of life in the generally arduous pursuit of a profession—that of medicine—which is supposed to dry up human sensibility and destroy human faith. Yet what a letting down of the waters of the soul, what a gentle irrigation, are the papers of the Autocrat! All his life long the poet, physician, philosopher, seemed to have kept this great well of thought and feeling walled by itself in a cool pure grot of his nature, to be touched for the pilgrim's refreshment when the time should seem to him to be ripe, and when all the land of letters was arid. And what countless pilgrims have drunk at that spring!

As a humorist pure and simple, Dr. Holmes has perhaps appealed to a larger circle than any man of his time, and certainly of his country, who made verse the vehicle of his humor; and most difficult of vehicles it is. One is at a loss sometimes to account for the wideness of the vogue of some of his poetic skits. Doubtless the main cause of their popularity has been their absolute simplicity.

"Let us cry!" Yea, O Autocrat, we are far more ready to do so than at the end of that fine apostrophe to the forest. For the last of our essayists, the last of our high humorists, the last Senator of our republic of letters, passes in you. New seed may sprout in new soil, and the new Saturnian age of letters return some time in the teeming cycles before the boundless West. But we who have sat at the Autocrat's breakfast table will not see it, nor, if we could, would not greatly care. The Autocrat's place is empty. His study door is locked. We feel as if death had come and shut us out of the house.

A. E. WATROUS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

SINCE poor M. de Lesseps fell in disgrace, the dean of all the particularly fine old men in France seems to be M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, who is well on in the first quarter of his ninetieth year. He remembers everything that has happened in France since he saw the allied kings enter Paris in 1814, and in most of the more important happenings he has been intimately concerned. He was Thiers's right hand in the work of settling up with Bismarck after the war of 1870, and was his Lamont for the three following years of his Presidency. After Thiers's death he went out of active politics and presently became chief secretary of the Suez Canal Company. He was manager in Egypt during the construction of the canal whenever De Lesseps was away. Having confidence in the project, he put all his savings into it, and made his fortune. Early in life he undertook to make a complete translation of the works of Aristotle. The task has lasted him all his life, and has only lately been finished. For forty years he has drunk no wine, and until very lately it has been his habit to rise at four in the morning.

What can women do to beat Tammany? We shall see perhaps during the next fortnight. The thirty ladies who propose, under the leadership of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, to do what they can to make the town better, are women whose names carry weight, and whose abilities in many cases have been tried by public work. A good many of them were lately conspicuous in the suffrage movement, though some were equally conspicuous among the antis. The former seem not to have washed their hands of society yet, notwithstanding their disappointment. The latter are willing to work in spite of their reluctance to vote.

Mr. Charles A. Dana is a great editor, and therefore incidently a great man, but he is not a man whose greatness has been thrust upon him. On the contrary, he went out and skirmished around after it, and brought it laboriously in, and sat down on it, and used it in his business. The short story of his life which Mr. E. P. Mitchell has told in a contemporary magazine is a remarkable record of wilful industry prosecuted with inordinate persistence. Not the least edifying passage in it is Mr. Dana's statement as to the pecuniary reward of his earlier labors. Beginning in 1844 with a salary of five dollars a week on the Boston *Chronotype*, he had come, in 1862, to draw fifty dollars a week for managing the New York *Tribune*. But then, in '44 newspaper-work was not very well paid; and in literature, Poe, with great talent and a commanding reputation, found it hard to keep alive; and before the war fifty dollars a week was a respectable salary for a New York editor. Besides, long before he quit the *Tribune*, Mr. Dana's salary as a newspaper editor must have been supplemented by very considerable revenues from other work. It may be a solace to sundry contemporary newspaper men in New York to know that they are paid more for what they do than Mr. Dana was for managing the *Tribune*. Let them find in that whatever satisfaction the facts may yield, taking care, however, not to come too rashly to the conclusion that they are worth more to their journals than he was to his.

The collection of "human document" pictures of Mr. Dana, which supplements Mr. Mitchell's biography, covers forty years, and is very interesting. One photograph, taken in 1864, is of a man in cavalry boots and a soldier hat, and might be some one else; but all the rest are Dana, and most of them have the same expression of the eyes—an expression which somehow suggests that the man behind them has more knowledge and more ideas than he is likely to feel the need of imparting to any one person at any one time.

Naturally there is a wail over the abandonment of the abandoned army post. The neighbors don't like it. The summer residents of Mackinaw Island cry out with a loud protest against the removal of the soldiers who used to cheer their summer sojourn. Oswego laments with like distress its loss of the garrison of Fort Ontario. Santa Fe depended upon Fort Marcy for most of its amusement and much of its material support, and has rallied all its politicians to its aid. The War Department is obdurate, and refers all protestants to Congress, which has power to build and garrison army posts anywhere for the diversion of the people if it sees fit. The dissatisfaction of all these worthy people is natural, but their chances of getting sympathy seem better than their prospect of relief.

Some few things have been done by the Fifty-third Congress besides stopping the purchase of silver and passing the Wilson bill. For one thing, provision has been made to increase the proportion of American citizens in our army and navy. According to a recent law, no recruit will be accepted for a first enlistment in the army in time of peace unless he is a citizen of the United States, or has taken legal measures to become one, and unless he can speak, read, and write the English language. For sailors, who are more cosmopolitan by profession than soldiers, Congress merely provided that service of five years in our navy, with honorable discharge, shall entitle any sailor of full age and good character to his naturalization papers on petition to the proper court. Three-fourths of our soldiers are American citizens already, but in the navy the proportion is much smaller; partly because native American sailor-men don't care to be in the navy, partly because it has been difficult for Uncle Sam's foreign-born sailors to become naturalized, because service aboard a man-of-war has not counted as residence in the country.

It is an obscure and unimportant need of the contemporary undergraduate that one or another of his benefactors has not met. There have been college papers since as long ago as the memory of living man can compass—since Dr. Holmes's time at Harvard and longer—and presumably they have always had "sanctums," since the existence of a paper necessarily implies the existence of a place where it is made. But twenty years ago in most colleges the sanctums existed only in the imaginations of the editors, and though it may be that they have grown more common since then, the Yale papers seem to be in unusual luck in having official provision made for their convenience in the new White dormitory at Yale. This dormitory, the gift of Andrew D. White, of New York, is reported to contain in its basement a series of editorial rooms for the Yale papers, each large and handsomely finished, with desks and all suitable appliances for the use of the editors. This is luxury indeed, and it is to be hoped that the Yale press may not wallow in it so deep as to grow effete.

The etymologists hold that the now familiar word "caddie" is derived from the French *cadet*, meaning a younger son. "Caddie" seems obviously a diminutive of "cad," but as "cad" is derived from *cadet*, that doesn't alter the case. A cad in the earlier uses of the word was an idle person who hung around and looked on. The implication of objectionable manners was of later growth. It is obvious enough that the golf caddie was derived from the cad before anything worse than unoccupied leisure was imputed to him. "Caddie," therefore, is not a word that carries any opprobrious suggestion, or that the best of little boys need hesitate to assume. Some golf caddies who are disposed to magnify their office favor a derivation from "cadi" or "kadi," a judge, but no authorities of weight seem to favor this view.

The validity of the international copyright law is disputed by a firm of New York publishers, who think they have as good a right as Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. to publish the stories of Mr. Rider Haggard. They have been sued, and have argued before Judge Acheson, of the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia, that the law of 1890, empowering the President to declare copyright treaties with foreign countries, involved a delegation of legislative and judicial power not sanctioned by the Constitution. The case will be important if the defendants win it, but the "if" is a big one.

There are Washington gossips who think that Captain Howgate, if he told all that he knew, could make some edifying stories. He stole some $370,000, which was a great deal for a man in his position to get hold of without prompt detection. What he did with it was never clearly understood, and as he escaped from captivity before his trial, and has absented himself ever since, whatever mystery there was about his stealings and his use of them is still in force. If he is tried now it may be cleared up, though it is not so easy to uncover facts thirteen years after their occurrence as it is when they are fresh. It has been suggested that Howgate's escape was made easy for him, and that no very violent effort was made to catch him, but proof of that is wanting, and the story of his capture and of the speculations and long-continued watchfulness that led up to it argues the other way. His wanderings and various activities since he left Washington would make an interesting tale, but the present fashion of keeping convicts busy makes it unlikely that he will have leisure to write it.

The musical season in New York city, as is ordinarily the case, this year will be some weeks behind the dramatic one in showing any interesting activity. The prospectuses are current of the Philharmonic, Symphony, Oratorio, Music and Art, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and other societies of the first rank in the purveyance of instrumental and vocal concerts, and opera will be represented with due dignity in French, Italian, and German. Among the artists of special distinction new to American audiences, this winter will import for us Ysaye and Thomsen, the violinists; Madame Rosa Sucher, Marie Brema, Elisa Kutscherra, and Nicholas Rothmühl, not to speak of the return to us of Mr. Maurel and Mr. Tamagno, and Miss Sibyl Sanderson, besides a baker's dozen of less scintillating planets. The season promises much, and will doubtless perform even more than it promises.

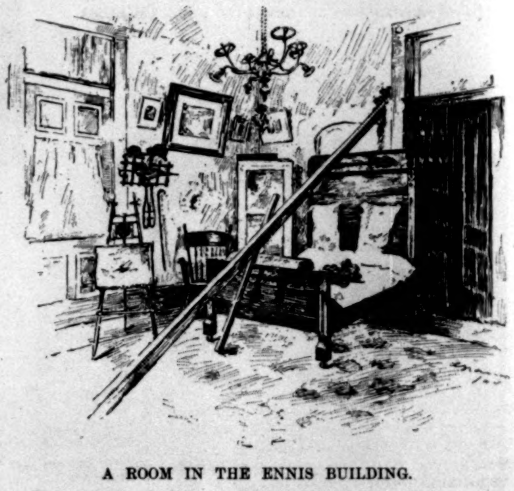
E. S. MARTIN.

THE ARKANSAS CYCLONE.

ON the evening of Tuesday, October 2d, more than a million dollars' worth of property was ruined, four human lives were lost, and thirty-seven men, women, and children were more or less severely injured, all by a cyclone that seemed to have been created especially for Little Rock, Arkansas, as it began at the Insane Asylum, two miles west of the city, and travelled at terrific speed through the finest residence and business quarters, disappearing when it had finished the journey as completely as though the earth had swallowed it.

The storm-clouds began to gather in the west about five o'clock, but, with the exception of the almost incessant although not particularly vivid lightning, they were not particularly awe-inspiring. By 6.30 o'clock the clouds were very dense, and the thunder and lightning were continuous. The air became very heavy and sultry, and the only breeze came in fitful gusts from the west. And still there was no fear of a cyclone, and no precautions were taken against the terrible destruction that came an hour later.

At seven o'clock the heavens presented a grand but awful sight. The only light was from the blinding quivers of lightning, that showed in the east confused piles of black clouds tumbling over each other, seemingly in a mad rush to get to some feast of the gods; in the west was a solid mass of clouds of that peculiar shade—a sort of combination of black and blue and drab—that is only seen immediately



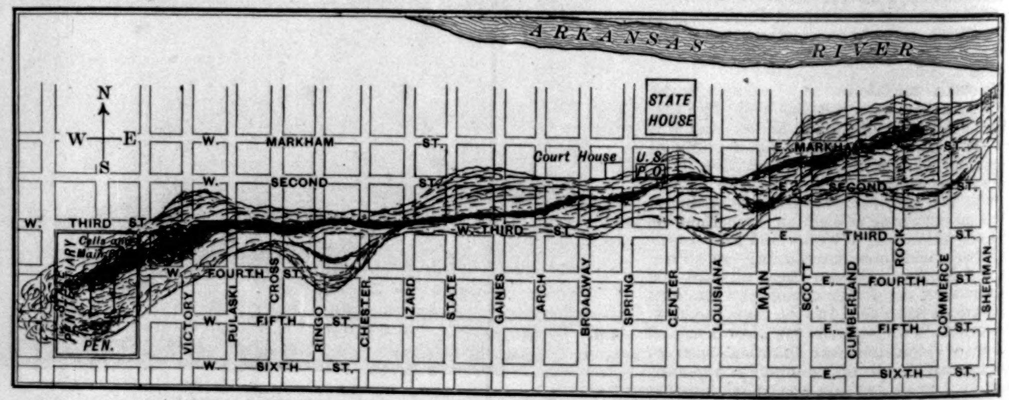
A ROOM IN THE ENNIS BUILDING.

The occupant was lying on the bed when the scantling came through the wall.

before violent storms. A few moments later a few drops of rain—the drops so large that many thought they were hail stones—fell. Almost immediately after there came a fearful crash of thunder, and the western half of the sky was blazing with brilliant sheets of lightning. While the western sky was thus illuminated the eastern was a dead black: there seemed to be a sea of fire ending in nothing. After this fearful crash of thunder was a moment of terrible stillness in the city, and it was then that the barometer at the weather bureau registered a drop of .4 in a single instant. Then came from the west a distant roar, sounding like the subdued echoes of thunder. By the light of the vivid lightning, that still continued, the cyclone cloud was seen approaching, its deep sullen roar soon becoming a shriek, and later a thousand shrieks, as the hurtling débris whistled through the air, the broken trees crashed through houses to the ground, roofs and walls were torn asunder, and frightened people fled from their demolished homes into the darkness, stampeded utterly. In the wake of the storm as it went on its eastern journey came the hardest rain ever had here. It is impossible to even estimate the amount of rainfall or the velocity of the wind. All the instruments at the weather bureau were blown away, and there is absolutely no record of the storm.

After it struck the Insane Asylum, where Dr. Ingate, the assistant physician, was killed, it rose in the air and did no serious damage until it struck the State Penitentiary, two miles distant, where it created havoc to the extent of $30,000 damages, killed one convict, and badly injured two guards. Its path at the widest was not above three hundred yards, and its length in all about four miles.

The wreck, as viewed from the tops of high buildings the next day, was awful proof of the violence of the storm, and the wonder was that it had not carried with it more of death than it did. The stories of hair-breadth escapes are so numerous that they would fill a volume in themselves.



PATH OF THE CYCLONE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

THE OLD HOLLAND LAND-OFFICE.

A MONUMENT TO ROBERT MORRIS.

FEW wars are popular, except in sympathetic histories of them. When the enthusiasm following the Declaration of Independence had subsided, and General Howe, in the spring of 1777, felt so sure of the subjugation of the American colonies that he prepared to return to England, and when the Continental soldiers refused longer to be paid in paper money, because a bushel of it would scarce buy a bushel of corn, then the American Revolution was unpopular. And at this point Washington sought counsel with Mr. Robert Morris, of Philadelphia.

The terms of enlistment of the soldiers had expired, and only hard money would hold the army together. Of this, Congress had none, nor credit for raising any. Mr. Morris obtained $50,000 in gold on his personal credit, and the destitute and disheartened troops were paid, and re-enlisted.

In that year further loans were negotiated through faith in Mr. Morris's integrity, Burgoyne was captured, the help of France was enlisted, and the Revolution was saved from certain failure.

Then, as now, however, Congress was only Congress, and by 1780 financial conditions were as desperate as ever. Again appealed to, Mr. Morris took charge of the Colonial Treasury. At enormous individual sacrifice he negotiated foreign loans—largely in Holland—and bought tons of military supplies. During 1780 he expended $1,400,000 of his own money to further carry on the war. To his brains, his credit, and his generosity were due the capture of Cornwallis and the victorious close of the Revolution. It is given to few men to save their country twice.

The history of the movement against Cornwallis serves to show his intimate connection with the later progress of the war. It was proposed by the commanders of the allied armies to arouse enthusiasm in France and America by a sensational capture of New York city. Mr. Morris opposed the plan, and refused to apportion funds for its execution. He pointed out that even should the French and Americans invest New York, their victory would last no longer than it took the British war-ships to commence a bombardment of the city. His advice was to move upon Cornwallis, shut in as he was upon the Yorktown peninsula. In the discussion of this proposal, Washington declared that there was no provision for moving the armies so great a distance—no wagons, no supplies for a long march. To this Mr. Morris replied that he would meet the troops at Philadelphia with all things needful for the expedition, and his plan was agreed upon. When the allied forces drew near to Philadelphia they found the roads lined for miles with army wagons, piled full with rations and ammunition and equipped with teams and teamsters.

The close of the war found Mr. Morris a ruined man. But notwithstanding the shameful ingratitude which left him to disappear in oblivion and distress, he unconsciously built his own monument, and that out of his misfortune. Thinking to retrieve his losses, he invested the pitiful remnant of his wealth in western New York land, with a view to retailing it to the pioneers then just beginning to settle the wilderness beyond the Genesee River. But his Dutch creditors were beginning to push their claims, and organizing as the Holland Land Company they arranged to take in part payment this land, out of which he hoped some time to pay them in full.

In 1804 the Holland Company's Land-office was erected in Batavia, New York, and within its walls has been made the transfer of every original title to land in New York State west of the Genesee River.

Through the efforts of Professor Kennedy, of Batavia, money has been raised to buy this interesting old structure, to repair it, and to dedicate it as a personal memorial to Robert Morris. The present Secretary of the Treasury and many other Federal officials took part in the dedication ceremonies on the 13th inst. Now this venerable building has become the first, and lamentably the only, monument to the memory of a unique patriot—a man who involved himself in financial ruin and went to a debtor's prison that his country might live.

THE CITY IN THE FALL.

Down from the sombre mountains,
In from the tumbling sea,
Back from the dear old farmsteads,
We are hasting with footsteps free—
Back with abounding gladness
To the rush and roar of it all,
To the shifting life and the splendor
Of the city in the fall.

We are fain for the haunts of business,
For the strife and pace of the street;
For the men we know, or friend, or foe,
And the women we like to meet.
Fair is the broad green country,
But, alas! how swift to pall!
Give town-bred folk the measure
Of the city in the fall.

M. E. S.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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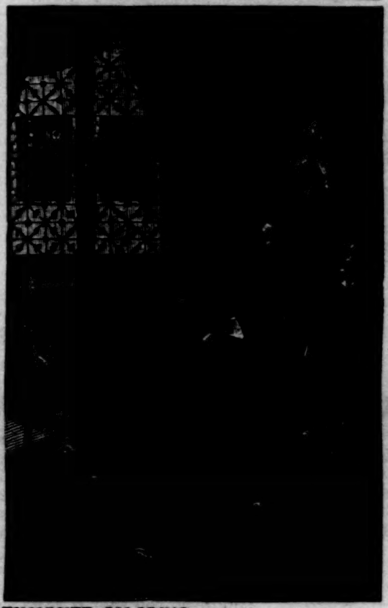

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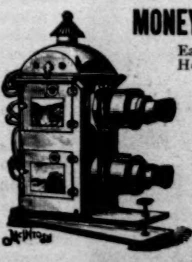

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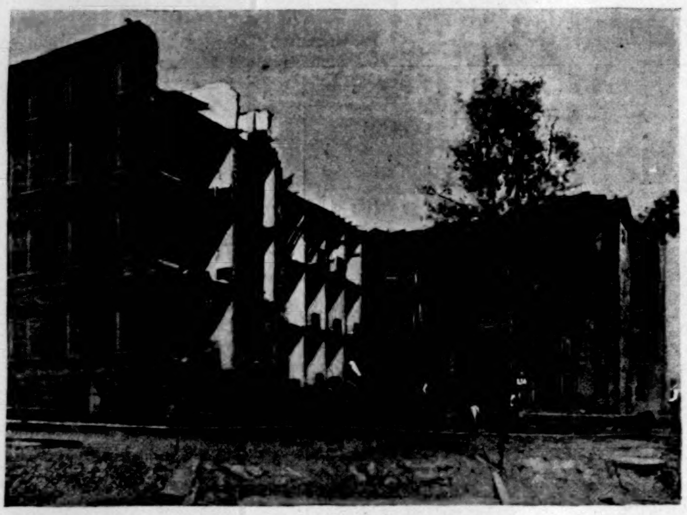
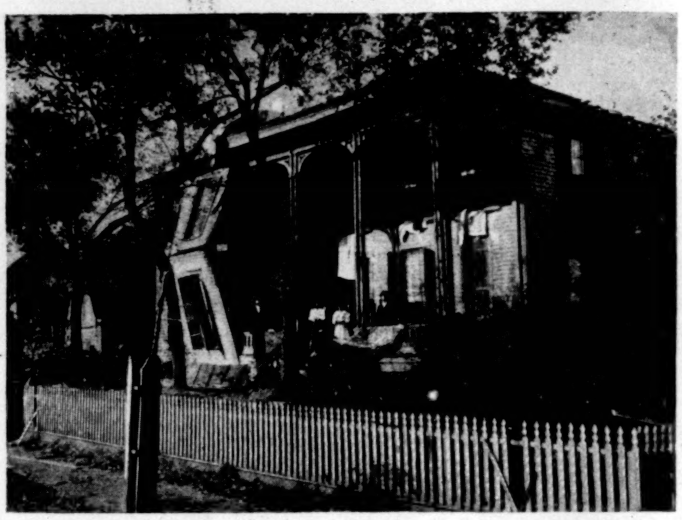


SOUTHEAST WING OF INSANE ASYLUM.



A BOARDING-HOUSE ON BROADWAY AND SECOND STREET.

THE GREAT CYCLONE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[See Page 1002.]

THE VALUE OF MORE KICKING IN FOOTBALL.

For several years the football-loving public have been vainly clamoring for more kicking and less rushing by our college experts. Last season, when their appeals for reform in this particular were most strenuous, the style of game to which they were treated was the least satisfying possible, the kicks being fewer than in any previous year. But their prayers are now to be answered, for the special Rules Committee has thoroughly overhauled the old playing code, with the purpose of opening up the game, and making the punt and the drop-kick more frequent.

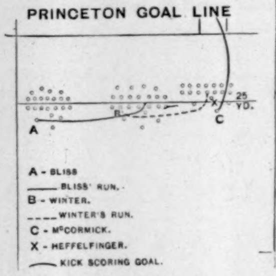


Fig. 1.

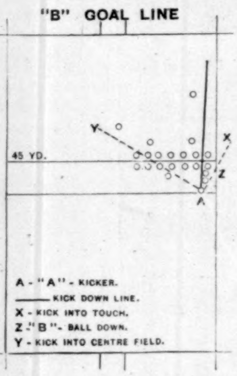


Fig. 2.

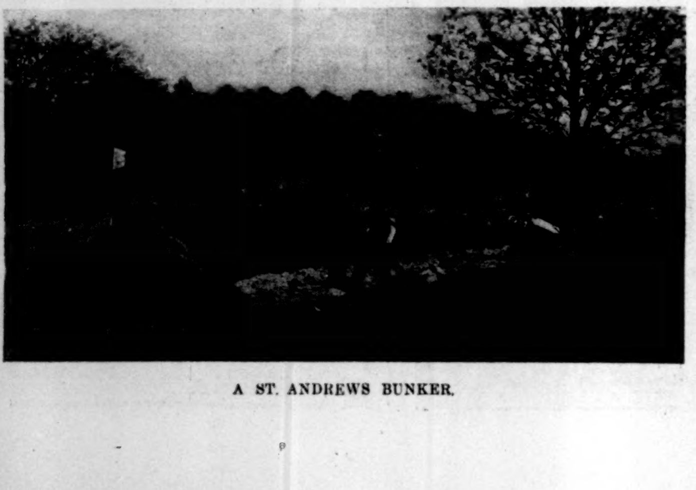
A glance at the new rules will show that there will be more kicking this year as a result of such labors. Take as an instance Rule 1, Section E, which governs kick-outs. Where formerly the ball was touched to the ground and foot simultaneously, and then passed back for a run, now an actual kick must be made. So, too, at kick-off, the ball must be put in play by an actual kick. In brief, all the old rules which called for kicks, but were circumvented in order that a run might ensue, have been so worded that an actual kick of not less than ten yards must be made.

When it is said, however, that there will be more kicking it must be understood that it rests with the player whether this craving of the public is to be thoroughly satiated, for they not only want more kicking, but kicking at frequent intervals throughout the game. In order to make the game replete with kicking, kicks must occur not only when the rules positively dictate, but at every opportune moment when in the judgment of the captain a well-directed punt or drop-kick is the best possible play; and these opportune moments are many.

HOME HOLE, ST. ANDREWS—THE BEST GREEN.

It is no exaggeration to say that kicking has ever been a method of *necessity*, rather than one of *science*, and such a state of affairs will continue to exist so long as the players fail to see the expediency of mapping out plays for drops and punts just as they do for runs. With due deference to the intelligence of the players who are to appear upon the field this year, but bearing in mind how little has been done in the past to develop scientific kicking, and how in the first important game—Yale-Crescent A.C.—this season, at Eastern Park, both sides kicked as of old, as the record, two punts for Crescents, none for Yale for a period of fifty minutes, shows, a word or two on the kicking game will be timely.

Doubtless many readers of Harper's Weekly witnessed the Yale-Princeton game at Manhattan Field last Thanksgiving day. Yale played a purely rushing game, and no one was surprised, the fact being too well known that players of the present who have been trained by those of the school of several years ago are taught to keep possession of the ball as long as possible, even to losing twenty yards in order to gain a first down. Time and again during that memorable contest the forces of Yale hurled themselves against the unyielding wall of the Tiger rush-line without a gain. Each try meant a loss of strength and a sapping of endurance of those eleven players, not yet recovered from their hard-fought contest with Harvard at Springfield on the previous Saturday. Yet they continued those fruitless rushes. After the first half, when Princeton's superb defence was clearly shown, the Yale team acknowledged themselves worn out, and able to put but little life into aggressive play, still they continued during the second half to pursue the same suicidal policy.



A ST. ANDREWS BUNKER.

The story of Yale's defeat is a brief one. Now Armstrong tries, but loses rather than gains a yard. Hart, who has been substituted for Thorne, starts with the ball, only to be downed without a gain; then Butterworth follows, and with a rush inspired by desperation alone, succeeds in forcing the Princeton left centre for a paltry yard. "Third down, and five yards to gain," yells the referee, and thereupon Yale kicks, not because she wishes, but for the reason that such a play has been forced upon her. Against a weaker foe the chances of gaining those five yards would have been great enough to risk a third try. Rarely, however, against a Princeton team; and so, Adee, obeying custom, signals for a kick. During the entire game, in fact, Yale calls upon Butterworth to kick only when driven to such an extremity, thus showing an ungovernable desire to rush the ball. It would seem that common-sense would at such a time point out the only course, namely, to kick immediately upon gaining possession of the ball. In fact, reviewing calmly the game now that it is long past, it is impossible to give a tenable reason why, even upon the field of play, the Yale players did not ask themselves: "Why wait until a third down before kicking? Why use ourselves up in repeated rushes wherein it is apparent there is little hope of gain?"

How different the result might have been had Yale played a kicking game! Let us play the Yale team as they should have played just once during any period of the game, and estimate the value of such a style of play. We will assume that Princeton, having brought the ball out to the centre of the field by fine rushing, loses it to Yale on an off-side play. The ball goes to Yale, say, on the centre line. A touchdown is just fifty-five yards away. Can it be made by rushing? It does not look possible, judging from the almost impregnable defence of the Princeton rush-line. Common-sense, therefore, points out the utter uselessness of rushing—indeed, the danger of such play, for each rush means a waste of strength—a direct waste which must end in defeat.

A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF ST. ANDREWS GOLF LINKS, YONKERS.*
Looking from the "Gate" towards the "Hill" and "High."

What, then, is Yale's only play? The backs line up as though for a rush. Butterworth steps back as though to get a better start to lead an interference around the end, or himself to take the ball through the centre, and the whole line array themselves accordingly to render the deception complete. The Princeton team accordingly look for a rush, and prepare themselves to meet such a play. Morse, Blake, and Ward play well up, the better to help out the rush-line. King alone stations himself ten yards back of the line. If, perchance, he scents danger and thinks a kick possible, he moves back another five yards. The ball now goes into play, and Butterworth, standing six yards back from the line, receives the ball, takes a step or two quickly to the right, and kicks. The ball sails over the head of King, who has closed up a little on seeing Butterworth's move as though to run with the ball. Down the field scurry Greenway and Hinkey unhindered, and almost reach King, who turns and leads the chase for the ball. Just as he reaches the ten-yard line, and directly in front of the Princeton goal, the ball is upon him, and so are the Yale ends. In view of the quickness with which King must act, the catch at once becomes uncertain. He may muff the ball, in which event the chances are two to one that Yale scores a touch-down; if he catches it, he is held by the Yale ends before he can stir from his tracks. Now a repetition at certain intervals throughout both halves of such a play, or plays having the same ground-work plan, would have resolved Yale's play into a kicking game—the only one against Princeton's superb defence.

Of course, in order to play the kicking game successfully, there must be players who can kick well; still, even an ordinary kicker may change the entire complexion of a game by one good kick out of half a dozen. In other words, it is not necessary for a player to be a Moffatt to be *entitled* to *try* for goals from the field, nor a Homans to strive for fifty yards on a punt. In 1886 Watkinson of Yale tried five times in rapid succession before he got the ball over the Princeton goal; and many other ordinary kickers have surprised their friends by fine long kicks.

It might be argued that the kicking game is little used because there are no good kickers, yet who will deny that Princeton, in Homans, had for three years a good man? Did they use him? Perhaps twenty-five per cent. of his kicking capacity, but no more, was utilized. So had Wesleyan in Gordon, yet they persisted in rushing him up against the stone wall of the larger college rush-lines, and using him

THE "GROVE," ST. ANDREWS—FIRST TEEING-GROUND.*

as a kicker only when forced. Harvard had Trafford, a good man, yet they chose rather to run with the ball than to work him to the very limit of his powers. And so all other teams have used the kicking man when they have been forced to, never in a practical way. In other words, they have made kicking a matter of necessity rather than of science. But kicking, when practised scientifically, implies plays for drop kicks and punts, just as for the many different running plays.

Let me cite an instance to the point. In 1891 I was regularly connected with the Yale eleven, of which McClung was captain. It was my duty to teach the full-back, McCormick, to kick. Toward the end of the season it became apparent that his drop-kicking ability would be a factor in a close game. I devised one of a number of plays which the Yale eleven studied that year.

This particular series consisted of three plays, and was planned in this way, and played against Princeton: At some time during the game, when the Yale men should have possession of the ball on their opponent's twenty-five-yard line, and near the side of the field, the signal for the play was to be given. The first play was an end run by the half-backs, the left half taking the ball if down on the left of the goal, and the right half if down on the right (see Fig. 1, Bliss), the idea being to finally work the ball in front of the Princeton goal. Perchance this play might result in a gain of five yards, in which case, instead of the series being played out, another signal was to be given. But, as in the event of the play only netting a yard, it would be the second down, as soon as the men were lined up, and without signal, of course, the tackle (Winter) was to run with the ball between right guard and tackle. Assuming a third down to be declared at this point, Heffelfinger, when the men had lined up, was to drop out of his position at left guard, station himself two yards back of the line, and pretend to be ready to take the ball through centre and right guard, instead of which it was to be and was passed (Fig. 1) to McCormick, and sailed from his foot over the Princeton goal. Thus Yale scored five points by a scientific use of the drop kick.

Now a word to the player on whose shoulders rests in a great measure success, for it follows that the better the kicker the more successful the kicking game. It should be remembered that the good old saying, "Practice makes perfect," applies to the football kicker in the most direct way. Without constant practice each day throughout the season one cannot, unless he is a genius, acquire accuracy, and accuracy is as essential in scientific punting as it is in getting the ball over the bar on a drop kick. In the latter instance it is easy to see where accuracy avails. Not so with the punt. Indeed, there are few players, past or present, who have ever given a thought to such a thing. The vast majority, when ordered to kick, have had but one thought before receiving the ball, and that is getting it away. So long as they get the ball down the field they have thought their duty done. Not so, however, for it is the duty of the kicker to place every kick he makes. Sometimes it is not of so great moment whether the ball goes a little to the right or to the left of the proper line of direction, but in many cases it is highly important. Team "A," for example, has the ball on the forty-five-yard line, and within a foot of the touch or side line of the field. It is the third down, and a kick is necessary. Now a kick of forty yards will go furthest on a line parallel to the touch-line. See Fig. 2.

Hence, if for no other reason, this would be the only true and proper direction. But there are other important reasons for this direction. If the ball when it leaves the foot goes off at so great an angle that it crosses the touch-line a few feet only in advance of the kicker (see X, Fig. 2), it goes to the opposing team, at least the chances are all in their favor, and the ball when put in play is put in by "B," who have actually gained not only the ball but a number of yards by the kick, from the fact that the "A" player in kicking stood ten yards back of the spot where the ball was put in play. On the other hand, if the ball shoots off at an opposite angle and sails into the centre of the field, see what happens. (See Y, Fig. 2). All the players on the kicker's side are well massed near the side line, the opposing backs are well lined out across the field, in anticipation of the kick. The back furthest out will get the ball, and the chances are that he will have a clear field before him, particularly if the kick is a low one and he stops it on the run. Indeed, on this one play, for which the kicker is directly responsible, many big runs have been scored, and not a few touch-downs. Thus we see how necessary it is in this instance for the kicker to have enough accuracy to enable him to kick the ball down the line.

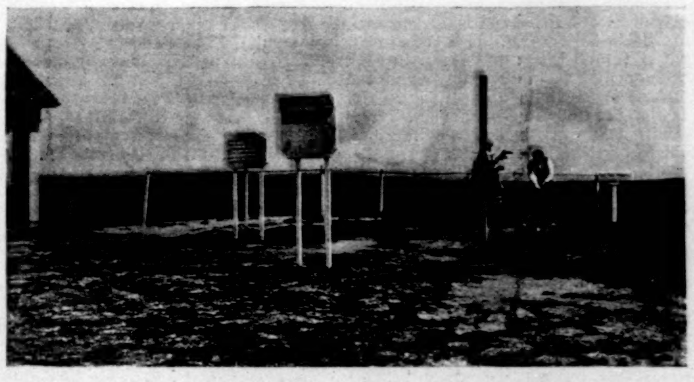
Another case where accuracy is essential is when the ball must be kicked from behind the goal-line, for it is not only essential to kick in a certain direction, but to signal to all the players what direction that is. Suppose the ball is down on "A's" five-yard line near touch-in goal, and they are forced to kick. Then a kick down the line, for reasons above set forth, is the only one. But suppose the ball is directly in front of the goal, a few yards out, and the kicker must stand back of the goal to kick. Then it would be proper to kick either to the right or to the left, and the kicker should so signal, thus making sure of cutting off a run-in by having his forwards unhesitatingly make for the spot where the ball will land. In either of these instances the kick should be long and high. Long, so that the opponents, if they make a fair catch, will be so far away that a place kick for goal will be out of the question; and high, to enable the forwards to cover the distance of the kick. Again we see the need of accuracy when, as is almost certain to be the case, one or even two of the opposing backs are weak catchers. These players should, of course, be made to try for the ball as often as possible by driving it directly at one or the other of them.

As accuracy, then, is such an important attainment, how is it to be acquired? By practice, naturally, but of a certain kind. For example, it is poor policy for a player in practice to kick without a thought of where the ball is going—that is, having only a general idea of direction. This is so because in a game, if he tries to place his kicks, he has to adopt an altogether different policy. It is well to do exactly in practice what you are desirous of doing in a game, when every kick you make will have an object. Consequently it is only by trying each time to place your ball, now trying this line, now that, now this high kick, now that low one, that the kicker becomes expert. This may seem almost too simple advice, but experience has taught that the average man in practice never gives a thought to placing his kicks. He has a certain amount of work to do, and he does it with the least mental strain possible.

Now for the most important rule of all, and one on which hinges a player's success as an accurate kicker. I allude to the relation of the ball to the foot. In nine cases out of ten where the kick is a poor one it is because the ball has not been dropped from the hands properly. The foot swings properly, and is prepared always to do its work correctly. Hence, whenever the ball is dropped correctly the foot meets it squarely. When the ball tottles over, the foot strikes it a glancing blow, much force is lost, and the kick, so far as accuracy goes, is spoiled. Dropping the ball properly is the very key-stone to successful kicking. When the dropping of the ball is correct, accuracy will follow naturally, and will only need practice in the right way to make perfect.

Once a player acquires finish in dropping a ball, and a reasonable amount of accuracy, he may learn to kick different kind of balls, such as the one which revolves, known as the twister; the tumbling kind, forward and backward; the floaters, those which go through the air with neither a tumbling motion nor a revolving one; and the ordinary and scoop drop kick.

A hint has already been given how the drop kick may be scientifically employed. In practising it the kicker should have some one to pass to him—the regular quarter, if possible. In punting, too, the kicking should always be done from a pass. In drop-kicking this caution should be observed. Fix the location of the goal in the mind's eye before the pass, as in a game before the ball is put in play. Once fixed, then concentrate your entire attention upon the ball. Glue your eyes upon it, and keep them there, following the ball to your hands, then to the ground, and finally far away as it sails to the goal. Dividing your attention between the ball, the opponents, and the goal means a loss of time, a loss of time means that you will at the moment of



THE "MEWS," SHINNECOCK—FIRST TEEING-GROUND.

the kick be hurried and nervous, and hurried and nervous means that your accuracy will suffer, and you will not drop the ball correctly.

As it is easy to see the importance of the kicking game, and how great its capacity for development, it is equally obvious that a football general is necessary to run such a game properly, for though the opportunities are many, yet they are not easily seen at the right moment. In football to see is to act; but in order to act successfully, one must see quickly.

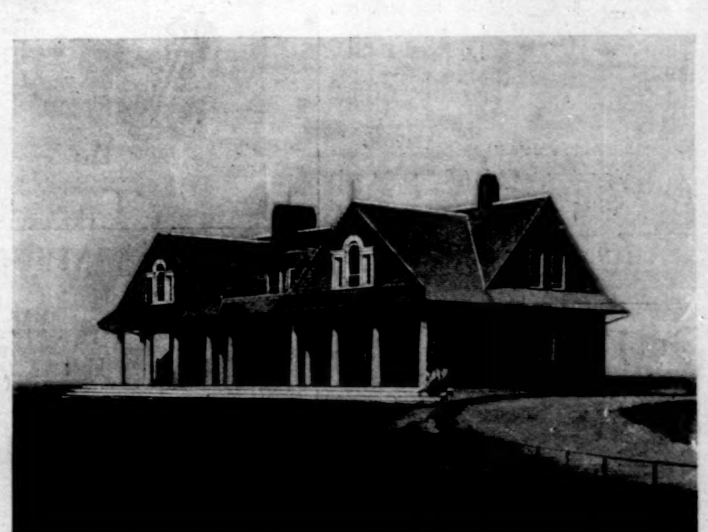
It must not be understood that in writing of the kicking game I advocate that style of play altogether, but it should go hand in hand with the rushing game. A happy combination of the two is what is required. It should not be forgotten that to make the most yards possible against an opponent you must in all your aggressive plays try to deceive. Make them think you are going to do one thing, and then surprise them with a play altogether different. A better illustration of this could not be had than McCormick's drop, already described. In that case the deception worked to a charm.

When a player acquires the proper deception in running his game he has unknowingly achieved that happy combination of the kicking and rushing game, for in order to make his deceptions work he must have many different plays, which a combination of the kicking and rushing game alone can furnish.

One reason for the non-development of the kicking game is the fact that the larger college teams only play two or three big games during the year. All other games are against comparatively weak teams, and as a rushing game is all that is necessary to advance the ball steadily, kicking is ignored.

In conclusion, if we are to have a kicking game this fall, such as the public crave, it behooves the different football teams to begin the right sort of practice early in the season. Give the kickers as much work in their line as the runners in theirs, and when practice games are played, endeavor to work up a combination of scientific kicking and rushing. I have no doubt that if the players of to-day realized the great opportunities for development in the drop and the punt, they would evolve such plays as would set the football-loving public wild with the brilliancy of their execution.

W. T. BULL.



SHINNECOCK GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

* The recent Golf Tournament held at Yonkers will be referred to in "Amateur Sport" next week.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE PAST WEEK HAS NOT SHOWN NOTABLE progress in any of the larger elevens, and with Princeton least of all. It was to be expected a team composed practically of veterans, most of them stars in their positions, would show a certain amount of indifference the first couple of weeks of the season while getting back into harness. It is an exceptional man who starts a second year with the same amount of enthusiasm as he did the first. It is human nature, I suppose, but has a harmful influence on the entire eleven. The team in all its games thus far, instead of jumping in at the start, plays an excessively sluggish first half, gradually warming up to its work in the second. This is a fatal tendency that would prove disastrous in large games. It might better by far go the pace in the first half, and, if it must be sluggish, ease up in the second during these preliminary weeks.

To one not familiar with the capabilities of the Princeton players the past week would have been most discouraging, for the work of about all the eleven has gone steadily backward since the Lafayette game, the practice being miserable, finally culminating in the game with Lehigh, which was, I think, the poorest I have ever seen Princeton play. The Rutgers game was little better.

It seems almost incomprehensible that a team which played as did Princeton last year against Yale could put up such a listless game as it showed against Lehigh. The backs fumbled, ran high, started slowly, failed to pick their openings, and did little or no tackling. The forwards tackled poorly, failed to make holes, and were opened up by Lehigh in rather an easy manner.

The poor work behind the line may be accounted for chiefly by the quarter failing to work smoothly. Trenchard has very likely arrived at the conclusion by this time that he had best remain at end, and a wise determination it is, for while he might make a fair quarter, he certainly never could do so much for the team in that position as in his own.

MORSE HAS BEEN PUT AT QUARTER, and shows to best advantage of any man tried thus far. In fact, his play there seems to have an appreciable effect on the team, for latterly in practice the work has been snappier, though it was not very encouraging in the Rutgers game. In the first half, when Rutgers was fresh, Princeton did very little, while Rutgers, on the contrary, broke up the orange and black interference, and kept them from scoring. Morse seems to be the man for quarter, and there is a chance of his filling the place (with Poe as substitute); but this would lose him to the half-back division, which is most unfortunate. There is no other man in Princeton to-day who will be able to play such a game at half as Morse did last year against Yale. For this reason every effort will be made to keep him at half, and make a quarter. In Thursday's practice Poe was at quarter, and did so much better than heretofore that he may, after all, be put there regularly. But he will have to be a great deal quicker than he has been to fill it acceptably. If he develops satisfactorily, it will be a most vexing situation finally eased.

McCormick, from starting out with brilliant prospects, has begun to fizzle out as a "find." He has shown very little improvement, and, worse still, acquired the very bad habit of turning round and backing in when hitting the line. He runs high, shows very little head in picking openings, is a poor tackler, and speed seems to be his only quality. In fact, flighty would probably best describe his football.

Voorhis is on the same order as McCormick, and has done so poorly the past week as to be laid off. He fumbles considerably, runs high, and tackles poorly, but has a better head than McCormick.

REITER, A FRESHMAN, IS THE LATEST CANDIDATE, and has shown up surprisingly well in practice. His running is low, he takes advantage of his interference, is an excellent tackler, and, in fact, though he knows little of the game, it looks as though he might be made into a very good man. He has done so well that he stands next in order to Rosengarten in the matter of preference. Rosengarten has not been able to play in the last week, on account of a sprained ankle, and it will be another week before he is in the game again. Of all the candidates he is the most promising. He runs well, tackles well, catches well, and knows the game. If he would take advantage of his openings, overcome his tendency to fumbling and growing careless, he should make a very good back. With all the disadvantage of inexperience, he gives really much promise.

Barnett is so easily hurt, and so little on the field, that it is difficult to get a line on him. He plays one day and is off the next. He showed fairly good form two years ago, but it remains to be seen what he can do this year. Ward has water on the knee, and will not play for another week.

At full-back the chances are not so much in favor of Burt as they were. He is none too good, and must improve beyond recognition before he will approach Blake of last year. He has a fairly good head, and hits the line well, but is very slow in his kicking, and a poor tackler, which is an extremely important point in a full-back, whose failing in that particular is likely at some time to cost a touch-down. Tyler is a trifle heavier than Burt, but cannot stand the punishment; the latter would do well to emulate some of the spirit Tyler puts into his play.

At centre the odds favor Riggs, who has more of the Lewis style of play than any centre of the present year. He has a good head, is aggressive, and tackles all over the field. Both he and Crowdis, however, have considerable to learn about the position.

At the present time Brown is playing not only the best end game, but the best game of any man on the eleven. He is always on the ball, is the hardest worker on the team, and his end has been invincible thus far, and is likely to be all through the season. Next to Brown, Taylor is doing the best work of the old men. Neither Holly, Wheeler, nor Lee is playing up to his form, as is hardly to be expected. At the same time, it is not well for them to get too careless.

THE YALE ELEVEN HAVE MADE A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT since last week in one respect; and a far more important one than appears to the casual observer. They are getting through better. The tackles are showing the greatest improvement, but the guards are much better than ten days ago. The line, instead of pressing against the opposing one, rips it open, and comes up standing on the other side, with eye and hand ready for the runner. Their play last year, even in the Harvard game, was far weaker in this particular than that of any team for four years. Charley Gill's team was weak in the same point, but it has not been a usual Yale failing. The blocking, the reverse of this getting through, is not very strong, and it looks as though the captain meant to make his team able to prevent the play of the adversary first, and later attend to offensive work. The line is not at all well balanced as yet, and the last week has shown that the ends are by far the strongest points, even when the two regulars, Captain Hinkey and Greenway, are replaced by Bass and the younger Hinkey. Any interference by the rushers is at present almost an unknown quantity, and halves and full-back have to go up into the line with but little hope of material assistance after they strike. The holes are occasionally well made—in fact, too well made, in that they are so large as to call out loudly to the opposing halves and quarter where the runner may be expected to appear, and he is therefore brought down by these defenders just after emerging. But there is none of that crowding and lifting of the runner just as he strikes which is so characteristic of really strong line-breaking.

BEHIND THE RUSH-LINE there is great irregularity of play, none of the quarters being steady in their passing, and this occasions a great deal of fumbling. The ball does not travel at a uniform rate of speed, and hence at one time the runner must needs stagger forward to reach it more quickly, and at another time it is shot at him like a bullet. This has already caused the halves and backs to lose confidence and go up in a hesitating fashion, fearful of a fumble, and so losing all that spring so necessary for good work. Many good end runs are made, but this only indicates more strongly the above weakness, because it shows that the runner, when once he has secured the ball and has a fair start, is really capable of good and judicious running. The men behind the line do not yet show any great promise of teamwork; but that is scarcely to be expected so early, and especially as they are still struggling for place rather than combination play. Thorne and Butterworth are naturally sure of their places, so that all the other candidates feel the pace must be hot for the one vacancy.

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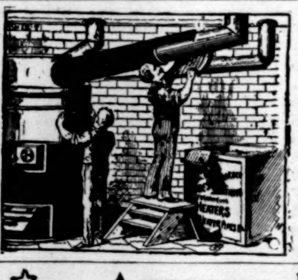

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hurt, so that by the end of October he should be decidedly in the lead. The men who will push him the closest are Marks, Gillette, and Pond. The last two are track-athletic men, runners of good promise, but not yet up to football-work. Marks is the most rugged of the three, but Pond is very quick, and has good stuff in him. Gillette can kick, and is therefore a candidate for back as well as half, where he is up against Redington, Jerrems, and Mills. The last is rapidly showing the form which gave him a good school reputation, and looks like a coming man. His punting has more of the practical, serviceable stamp about it than is usually seen in a Freshman, and we shall certainly hear from him. Letton is another good "prep" man who is having a chance to show his calibre. Hazen of Andover, who played end at school, has been taken over on to the 'varsity field and given a try at quarter. He is one of the quiet determined kind which takes punishment well.

The greatest lack of material seems to be rather in the line, for, with all the above array of new candidates for places behind the line, good men for tackle and guard are scarce. Murray and Judd are the only two for tackle, and Brown and Chadwick at guard. Cross is Stillman's principal opponent at centre, and it really looks as though Yale has this year again, the same as last, lost her ancient policy of "first of all an invincible rush-line; all the rest can be made."

Williams scored a touch-down on Yale last Wednesday, and that, too, upon Yale's own ground at New Haven, something which no man at present in college has ever seen done before. On the preceding Saturday Lehigh came within an ace of scoring upon Princeton; Brown, in the Yale game two weeks ago, had the wearers of the blue down within a yard of their goal, and on last Thursday actually made a touch-down on Harvard. Nor were these "flukes." The smaller teams crowded the big ones, and usually very shortly after a kick-off, all of which begins to show that under the new rules the smaller teams are certainly, in the early part of the season at least, able to make a better stand against the cracks. Some of this may be attributable to the fact that new plays are slow of development, and the coachers are still a little at sea in the matter; some to listlessness of old men and unsteadiness of green ones in important places; but, in any event, the fact remains, and is lending encouragement to the sport among the middle-class football colleges.

If accidents continue befalling Harvard, we shall grow to the belief that there is more than mere cant in the expression "Harvard hard luck." It seems particularly unfortunate that this year, the first in which they have ever started out with a systematized coaching policy, any of the likely candidates should be lost by mere material accidents. Still, the situation is not so dark as appears on the face. Gray probably would not have made the team. Acton's dislocated elbow will not keep him out of the game for any length of time, and the hospital will soon discharge those on its list from the bruises incidental to an opening season. Stevenson is really the only loss that comes near being irreparable.

Harvard's progress the past week has been very slow; in fact, there seems to have been no progress at all in offensive work. The plays used were very crude, and little or no team-work was forth-coming. This is to be expected at present, the time being occupied instilling the fundamental principles of the game into the green material and teaching them their individual positions. Again, the constant shifting of the men during the period of elimination and the process of determining the best men for respective positions tends to keep the eleven from getting in any sort of team play. Captain Emmons, however, keeps at it persistently, and sets a good example to his men. His ankle is still weak, and he probably will not be able to play for a little while. This is another one of Harvard's accidents, that, while not likely to lose them the services of an end during November whom they could not replace, nevertheless keeps him out of a great deal of valuable practice in the present preliminary season.

While the team as a whole has made very little progress, a few of the new men have shown marked improvement; Hayes at half perhaps more than any of the others. Shaw, '98, at guard has improved steadily, but Frank Shaw at centre does not seem to come up to expectations. Wrenn is fulfilling the promise he gave, and will make it a very close decision between him and Beale. Hallowell bids fair to make a first-class man, and will push Manahan hard if it comes to a question of which is the better. If Mackie and Waters are coming out, it would steady and shape the team incalculably if they got into the ranks before this month is over.

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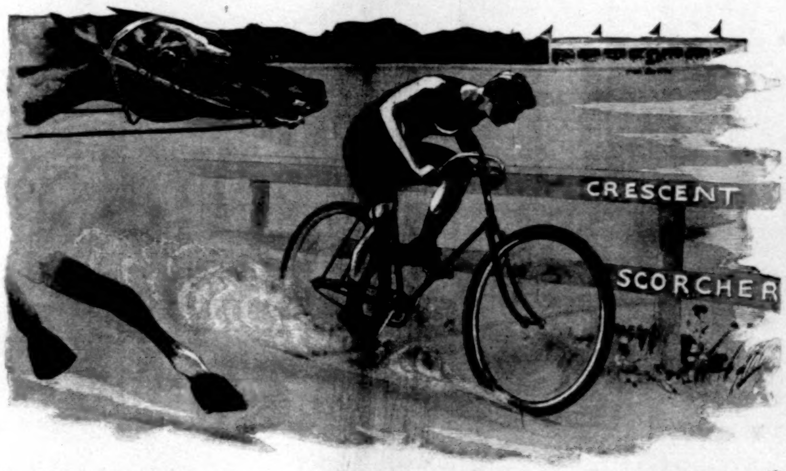

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